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THE
MANIAC,
A TALE;
OR,
A VIEW OF BETHLEM HOSPITAL:
AND
THE MERITS OF WOMEN,
A POEM FROM THE FRENCH:
WITH
POETICAL PIECES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY A. BRISTOW.

Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t'other.

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GAZETTE

OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

IN THE

MINISTRY OF

INTERNAL AFFAIRS

AND

LOCAL GOVERNMENTS

OF

INDIA

IN THE

MINISTRY OF

THE

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

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ERRATUM.

Page 16, line 4, for year, read ear.

THE MANIAC,

A TALE;

OR,

A VIEW OF BETHLEM HOSPITAL.

Hail! awful madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail
Far as the voyager spreads his vent'rous sail.
Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee,
Folly—folly sole is free.

- - - - -
Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries;
Mirth unmeaning,—causeless moans;
Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans;
All seem to pierce the skies. PENROSE.



PREFACE TO THE MANIAC.

“To define true madness, what is it but to be nothing else but mad?” is the concise elucidation of not one of the most enlightened characters of Shakespeare’s drama. The author of the following Tale is aware that, perhaps, the metaphysician, the naturalist, or the skilful professor of anatomy, might find the causes she assigns for the various effects of frenzy, in different subjects, not more satisfactorily defined; but she professes not the capability of diving into the depths of science for illustrations on the subject of the most affecting and most humiliating malady to which our frame and nature are liable: the more superficial and apparently obvious causes of these effects, viz. temperament, and the different degrees of energy of mind, were what naturally occurred to her; and these, though rather doubtingly, she has expressed,

For the gloominess of her subject, she should wish to apologize, yet it is both generally, and individually, an interesting one; and its near contemplation may not be without its utility, in repressing the pride of human reason, and calling the mind home to a sense of its own infirmities and imbecility, independent of a superior support.

THE MANIAC.

TREMENDOUS pile! within whose gloomy walls,
Beings whose fate the feeling heart appals,
Drag on life's load; oft victims of despair;
Of woes, thy lot, **Humanity**, to share!
How direful the distress, the force how great,
That shakes enthroned Reason from her seat!
But not life's ills alone, that power possess;
Self-formed illusions threaten her reign no less.
And chief, more fatal than all else combined,
The deadliest foe that haunts the human mind,
Art thou, **Fanaticism**! weak Error's child;
Nursed by rank pride; sustained by tenets wild.
By mystic day-dreams puzzled and misled,
The heart, inflated, next infects the head:
Thence brooding gloom o'erpowers the mental sight;
Obscuring true Religion's heavenly light!

Of holy faith, the Christian's guide and hope,
It forms a mass grotesque, of impious scope !
And weakening, ev'n to death, the nerve of thought,
Despair succeeds !—no cure can e'er be wrought !

Though sad, less fixed the ill of minds insane,
Where pangs of real sorrow touch the brain.

What causes dread, can thus the soul dismay ?

Life's blasted hopes ; wild Passion's lawless sway ;

Revenge, and Treachery ; harsh domestic strife,

Which calls excess to drown the pangs of life ;

Deep-pining Love ; blind Jealousy's fierce fires ;

And fell Remorse, which conscious guilt inspires ;

And ruthless War's dread clamours ! its sad train
Of horrors—widows, orphans, ruin, pain !

With other numerous, various ills, that wait

Us mortal beings, in this chequered state.

How wondrous ! that the human frame and mind,

With nice dependencies are so combined,

That the keen sense, awoke by mental pain,

Should instant warp the texture of the brain !

But so it is : so will great Nature's laws.

And each effect, here, dreadful as its cause !

Wild Frenzy's piercing shrieks, that rend the air,

And morbid Melancholy's fixed despair :

Pale, palsied Terror's start ; its efforts vain,

To shun those fancied ills it must sustain :

Revenge's glare ; Suspicion's sullen scowl ;

Despondency's low, deep, and lengthened howl ;

And Rage, whose imprecations fill each hour;
Who hurls defiance ev'n at Heaven's dread Power!
But Thòu, dread Pow'r! if thought to Thee dares
climb!
Wilt beam sweet mercy on the unconscious crime;
Nor judge the wretch whom passions fierce control;
Thy heavenly light extinguished in his soul!

Yet still, though here stern Misery abides,
Here reckless Happiness alike resides:
Ideal bliss! which still abundant flows;
And more unmixed than that the world bestows,
The ruling passion, here, meets no control;
Unchecked the darling foible of the soul.
Ambition, now a hero, now a god,
Here rules mock empires with majestic nod.
Here *harmless* Pride, in shadowy honours dressed,
Struts, big with self-importance, unrepressed.
Here Vanity, whom gewgaws ever please,
Finds straws, and shreds, and flaunts gay-decked with
these.

Whilst public spirit, friendship, love refined,
With bright chimeras fill the enraptured mind!
Here, too, loud mirth, and frolic glee, abound,
The song, the jest, the pealing laugh resound;
Whilst waggish cunning, with expressive leer,
Achieves sly feats. (the world had taught it) here.

Yet haply, dire Misfortune's harsh decree
Has brought these revellers to the state you see:

Some treacherous friend; false lover, faithless wife,
 In whom were centred all the joys of life;
 Or thankless children, whose licentious youth,
 Alas! "bites sharper than the serpent's tooth!"
 Or, haply, Death's inexorable doom
 Swept the soul's idol to an early tomb.
 But kind oblivion has absorbed each pain;
 And "razed the written troubles of the brain."

Not each alike the stroke of frenzy bides.
 Perhaps, in temperament the cause resides;
 Or, common minds no energies reveal;
 Whilst, "spirits finely touched," intensely feel.

That maniac see, with writhing anguish torn;
 His fate-marked days in wasting misery worn;
 Whose haggard aspect, all aghast and wan,
 And form distorted, scarcely speak him man!
 That son of woe was late Ierne's grace;
 And not six lustres, yet, his mortal race.
 With every promise smil'd his earlier days:
 His were admiring friends, and well-earned praise.
 His, beauty's manly form; the polished mind;
 Deep science; genius bright; and taste refined;
 With powers of reasoning, on true reason built,
 Of force to check the infidel's rash guilt!
 His, every finer movement of the soul,
 With warm philanthropy to light the whole.

So, the clear river, gliding on its way,
 In glittering pomp reflects the morning ray;

Ere noon, impending clouds its face deform;
 Its current heaves, portentous of the storm;
 And soon, o'er its expanse, the wild winds rave;
 Dark and perturbed, the late translucent wave,
 Chafes, foams, rolls rapid on, with bellowing sound,
 Scarce its restraining banks its limits bound.

His revered parents, rich in such a son,
 Blessed Heaven, that, ere their earthly course was run,
 Their Albert's virtues had repaid their cares;
 A daughter, too, sweet object of their prayers,
 In Nature's soft decline, with cloudless ray,
 Passed the calm evening of their mortal day;
 Though fond of life, to quit it not dismayed,
 His mother first the debt of nature paid;
 Her widowed partner, next, soon sunk in death;
 And to his Albert, with expiring breath,
 Bequeathed, with Fortune's gifts, an ample share,
 His orphan sister to his guardian care.
 The precious trust was sacred in his eyes;
 Fraternal love assumed the parent's guise;
 And all the tenderness both ties impart,
 He bore this cherished sister of his heart,
 With fond affection, and attention kind,
 He watched her growing charms, her opening mind;
 Her mind, mild as the softest vernal gale,
 Shrank from each boisterous passion's rude assail;
 Whilst warm Affection's energetic glow
 Was all awake to others' bliss or woe.

The young Bernardo loved the beautiful maid ;
And Emma's guileless heart his love repaid.
Of Albert's soul Bernardo was approved ;
His friend—and never friend was more beloved.
Together had they trod youth's frolic road ;
Both wooed fair Science in her learned abode :
Congenial worth formed Friendship's sacred claim ;
Alike their talents, and their tastes the same :
But more intense Bernardo's passions glowed ;
His ruling reason sometimes weaker shewed ;
Yet, his friend's steady judgment could control
The wayward starts of his impetuous soul.

Albert, with joy, and kind approving smile,
'Midst grave research, or pleasures juvenile,
Saw love's soft throb, and sympathy sincere,
Unite those valued hearts, to his so dear.
His free consent the happy lovers found ;
And nuptial rites their mutual passion crowned.

The youthful Albert, too, love's power confessed :
Matilda's charms with rapture filled his breast.
'Mongst maidens bright, Matilda brightest shone ;
For every grace and virtue was her own :
Beauty, wit's sprightly charms, high polished sense ;
A soul that glowed with warm benevolence :
With soft persuasion's fascinating smile,
Of power to charm despair, or pain beguile :
Whilst all those lesser ornaments, that grace
The female character, in hers had place.

With joy she heard her Albert's pleaded love :
Her heart and judgment, both, his suit approve.
No vain delays her lover's passion tried ;
And Albert's joyful arms received his bride.
Their hands united, as their hearts before,
Of mutual happiness what boundless store !
But not to self confined, this happiness ;
Diffused around, it still returned to bless.
Religion's sacred form, amidst the scene,
With every lovely attribute was seen.
All the sweet charities her train attend ;
Humanity, of all mankind the friend ;
Soft Pity, with a balm for each distress ;
And generous Bounty, ever prone to bless.
Warm Hospitality, amongst the rest :
With cordial welcome they received each guest ;
But, with a chosen few, more close unite :
'Thus, social pleasures varied home delight.
'Two beauteous infants new sensations brought :
Felicity could be no higher wrought :
Earth smiled around ; Heav'n blessed them from above ;
And all was harmony, and joy, and love !
Bliss far too great to last ! this mortal scene,
'Mongst highest pleasures mingles sufferings keen :
And those who lean to earth for solid joy,
Will find the tottering base their aim destroy.
Now had Sedition, with her horrid brand,
Spread wide her baleful influence through the land :

In public, bade her mobs tumultuous rise;
 In private, broke through Nature's dearest ties;
 And, whilst mock patriotism brawled aloud,
 Infused her venom through the insensate crowd.

Bernardo's ardent soul with virtue glowed;
 But, wrong directed, wide mistook her road.
 Whilst Faction fierce declaimed, he caught the flame
 Of glorious *Freedom's* prostituted name!
 Nor deemed he that, beneath the insidious fire,
 Lurked anarchy, foul rapine, murder dire!
 Nor deemed he that the hackneyed word, *reform*,
 Meant revolution's fiercest, deadliest storm!
 From principle he acted; nor conceived
 Th' enlightened mind could deviate; nor believed
 Infernal passions could deform a plan,
 Which seemed to him the noblest work of man.
 To free a nation from oppression's yoke!
 'T was thus his generous indignation spoke:
 Firmness, he hoped, might gain the wished redress;
 And link all parties in the bonds of peace.
 But, step by step led on, he left the shore
 Of Moderation, which he touched no more;
 Borne by the torrent meanest souls among,
 His part once taken, to the cause he clung.

So, when the whirlwind sweeps o'er regions vast,
 Relentless Havoc rides upon the blast:
 Its fury whelms, in one great sacrifice,
 The hallowed temple and the den of vice;

The gorgeous palace, erst so proud, which shewed,
Levels with squalid Penury's abode.
Awful memento to the human soul,
Its elements, fierce passions to control.
The rock-based fabric, sole, repels the shock:
True principle is "founded as the rock."

Albert, with grief, beheld this first of friends,
A dupe to demagogues, and their base ends,
With oft renewed remonstrances, he tried
To win his reason to the better side.
That soothing eloquence, which once could charm
His fiery passions, and their rage disarm,
Had now no influence; nothing could obtain;
With party spirit argument is vain!
Bernardo, grateful, felt his friend's warm zeal;
Still loved his brother; but his country's weal,
To his enthusiasm, soared far above
Ev'n sacred friendship, or fraternal love.
Albert, thus baffled, sighed; each hope resigned,
To move his friend's unalterable mind;
And, lest suspicion should involve his name,
Was forced to shun whom he was forced to blame.

With mental anguish, and with health impaired,
A brother, too, estranged, th' emotion shared,
The gentle Emma drooped, oppressed with grief.
Bernardo, now proclaimed a rebel chief;
Pursued by justice, driven from his blest home,
To skulk in caverns; or by night to roam,

With vile banditti, whom his soul despised :
Her feeling heart was torn, was agonized !
But when short intervals the chief restored,
To her fond bosom, whom he still adored,
Her sweetness soothed his agitated breast,
She smoothed her brow, and every pang suppressed.
Their young Bernardo, too, with cherub smile,
His doating father's troubles would beguile.

Now all the loyal youth were roused to arms,
And called where danger loudest spread alarms.
Though no commotions, yet, the place had felt,
Where he and happiness so long had dwelt,
Albert, whose active spirit scorned repose,
His country thus rent by intestine foes,
Assumed the martial character ; prepared
To join her standard, and her freedom guard.
A summons now, to a more distant scene,
Though prompt obeyed, called forth sensations keen.
To leave whom his fond soul adored—his wife !
The bliss and partner of his happy life !
How did the hours, with her in transport passed,
Those now to separation doomed, contrast !
For her pangs, too, his manly bosom swelled,
But duty called, and each fond thought repelled.
Matilda, too, from all complaint forbore ;
She loved her Albert ! but his honour more.
She bade him go ; whilst sorrow's starting tear,
And painful throb, spoke him—how fondly dear !

He cheered her spirits ; clasped her to his breast ;
Blessed his sweet babes ; and flew where danger
pressed.

To Wicklow's plains his martial troop he led :
In Wicklow the first hostile blood was shed :
The contest there was short ; 'midst guilt's alarms,
Whole dastard thousands soon laid down their arms.
Their leaders yielded up, their terms of grace :
By treachery's crime, rebellion's to efface !
Amongst the rest, Bernardo was resigned ;
Betrayed by those to whom his sanguine mind
Had vowed to give, (or perish in the strife !)
Sweet liberty, that brightest gem of life !

By summary justice, (so required the times,)
Their doom was fixed—death—to atone their crimes.
Unmoved, Bernardo saw the impending stroke ;
His dauntless spirit by mean fears unbroke :
His soaring mind looked down on death and pain,
As what required no effort to sustain.
One sole emotion could the calm destroy ;
His angel Emma's pangs ! his darling boy !
His friend, his brother too ! each tender tie
Rushed on his heart, else, well prepared to die !
But, short-lived is the pang his bosom rends ;
An ignominious death the conflict ends :
His life, thus risked in foul rebellion's cause,
Fell forfeit to his country's outraged laws.

Albert saw all with agonizing pain ;
But interference was, he knew, in vain.

His youth's first friend, the brother of his soul,
 In manhood's prime, thus reached life's fatal goal!
 His widowed sister, too! his fond heart's pride;
 Dear to that heart as was its vital tide!
 What must her sufferings be! he shuddered, wept!
 But not inactive his exertions slept.
 He flew to find her, pour affection's balm;
 Console; or share those griefs he could not calm.
 He flew to bear her to that loved abode,
 Where his Matilda's presence bliss bestowed—
 Matilda, whose soft tones, soul-thrilling voice,
 Might renovate old age, make pain rejoice;
 Whose sense correct, whose warmly glowing heart,
 And heavenly mind, true comfort could impart.
 He found his Emma's almost lifeless form,
 Like the sweet shrub uprooted by the storm.
 Disease had, with slow undermining stealth,
 Wasted youth's bloom, dried up the springs of health;
 The final fatal stroke Bernardo's doom!
 And death had marked his victim for the tomb.
 Her gentle nature sunk beneath the blow;
 Not loudly clamorous, but deep felt the woe.
 One single gleam sweet comfort had in store,
 To join her bosom's friend, to part no more!
 'Midst deepest pangs the thought was ecstasy!
 Her sainted spirit panted to get free.
 Scarce ev'n her fond affection's second joy,
 Her loved Bernardo's image, her sweet boy,

To earthly scenes an interest could restore ;
Though never cherished child was cherished more :

Albert, with kind preparatory care,
Approached her couch, all rash surprise to spare :
Then clasped the lovely mourner to his breast,
And would have spoke, but grief his words suppressed.
Conflicting passions now convulsed her frame,
And roused each latent feeling's powerful claim :
That brother so long absent, so adored,
Restored—but, ah ! in what an hour restored !
Fond recollections sharpened every pain,
And her Bernardo seemed to die again !
But tears brought suffering nature kind relief ;
She wept ; then sunk again to calmer grief.

Albert, with anguish, saw her altered state :
Called every aid ; but aid was now too late !
Ten anxious days he watched beside her bed :
And saw death's rapid strides with trembling dread,
She, with meek joy, beheld the tyrant come ;
Her spotless soul prepared to meet its doom :
Prepared, with her Bernardo to enjoy
Bliss—endless bliss ! exempt from earth's alloy.
Her child had now a father, guardian, friend ;
His tender years with watchful care to tend ;
In her loved brother's arms she saw him placed ;
Wept tears of joy ! both tenderly embraced.
With grateful thanks that brother's love repaid,
Through youth, in death so tenderly displayed

Breathed to high Heaven a warmly fervent prayer,
His lovely wife, his children long to spare!
Blessed her sweet cherub, with her latest breath;
Pressed Albert's hand; sunk back, and smiled in death!

With bursting anguish Albert now beheld
All over! those loved lips for ever sealed!
He clasped that form, in life, in death, so dear;
Embalmed the cold remains with many a tear:
To hers and her Bernardo's memories paid
Each tribute by true friendship sacred made:
He took their lovely orphan to his heart;
And gave him there a warm, an ample part;
Vowed, with his own loved children he should share
His warm affection and his tenderest care.
Each office paid, that now fond love could pay;
His thoughts flew on, impatient of delay,
In his Matilda's bosom to repose
Each care; there find a balm for all his woes.
Anticipations fond now quick succeed;
Suspend affliction, and give wings to speed.
One sole attendant shared his eager haste;
And rapid, the quick shortening road they traced.
The sight of home attained, his bosom glows
With all the ecstasy sweet hope bestows:
The precious objects of his love so near!
By absence rendered still more fondly dear.
His gates thrown wide, now met his wondering eye.
His heart beat quick—he feared—he knew not why.

No prompt domestics there, as wont, to meet
 His wished return, and their loved master greet.
 Proceeding onward, he began to trace
 Marks of rude havoc nature's charms deface :
 Approached his house, he saw a ruin frown ;
 Each window shattered and each door torn down :
 His precious moveables all broken, strewed
 The spacious grounds, and party-rancour shewed.
 But, of what import this?—not worth a thought!
 Not these the objects his affection sought.
 Where were his wife, his children? Heavenly Powers!
 What cloud portentous o'er his fate now lours!
 The attendant, who had reached the unhinged door,
 Cried, " Oh! my master!"—but could add no more.
 Each pulse wild throbbing, Albert darted through
 The yawning entrance ; there—soul-blasting view!
 His beauteous infants, on the ensanguined ground,
 Lay, sunk in death!—deep pierced with many a
 wound!
 A little farther on—racks, tortures, wheels!
 Are bliss, are paradise, to what he feels!
 Of ruffian violence the bleeding prey,
 His soul's rich treasure, his Matilda lay!
 Life's ebbing tide now nigh exhausted quite;
 And her pure soul just winged to take its flight.
 " Matilda! oh! my love, my life!" he cried:
 She raised a languid hand, looked up, and died!
 Transfixed with horror, rooted to the ground,
 The woe-struck Albert wildly glared around:

Then stooping, bent, as if intent to hear
 The dulcet sounds that wont to charm his ear.
 But all was hushed! no dulcet sounds now flow,
 To charm his year, or sooth his mighty woe!
 Whilst deepest torturing pangs his heart assail,
 The powers of memory begin to fail.
 Fantastic forms thick crowd his maddening brain;
 And reason fled, ne'er to return again.

Loud frantic laughter spoke his o'erthrown mind—
 Then, starting sudden, fleetèr than the wind,
 He flew those scenes, unknowing where he flew!
 Each object flits before his vacant view:
 In lifeless torpor each idea chained;
 His mind a vacuum, no past trace retained!
 But when short gleams of recollection brought
 A retrospective view, a grief-winged thought,
 Rage, torture, frenzy! all expression's vain,
 To speak the whirling tumult of his brain!
 His sorrowing friends each application tried
 That skill could dictate, and affection guide,
 To heal his mind; lost reason to restore:—
 In vain! the fugitive returned no more!
 His malady, on which no hope now gleamed,
 “*Incurable and dangerous*” was deemed:
 And that lone cell received a wretch forlorn,
 To brightest hopes and happiest prospects born.
 Almighty Being! whose mysterious plan,
 In human life, no mortal eye can scan;

Whose powerful voice now chafes the roaring deep;
Now, hushed to silence, bids its wild waves sleep:
To man, thy noblest earthly work, Thou 'st given,
When tempest-tossed in life, by passions driven,
Reason, to stem life's ills; from passions free;
And teach the free-born soul to soar to Thee!
And, when by Thee withdrawn this heaven-given ray,
When mental chaos clouds the soul's bright day,
Ev'n then, not hopeless! the celestial spark,
Obscured, not lost; still unimpaired, though dark;
When disencumbered of its earthly load,
When called by its Creator and its God;
Sharer in that expiatory love,
Which flowed in streams of mercy from above,
Again shall mount; and, guilt atoned, may live,
To all the joys eternity can give!

Unfortunately, there is not much of exaggeration in this melancholy tale. Instances of insanity, from distress of mind, occurred during the late unhappy rebellion in Ireland: and scenes similar to that here represented, as having occasioned that catastrophe, were, alas! but too frequent, where activity opposed the popular ferment. The writer has only blended circumstances; scarcely heightened any.

THE MERITS OF WOMEN :

A POEM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE author of the following Poem has introduced it to his countrymen, by a long and elaborate preface; written in rather a declamatory style. As it does not contain any thing that places his subject in a new point of view, or gives it more weight than it receives from the poem itself, it has not been thought necessary to turn any part of it into English, excepting his principal reason for having undertaken the work; with which he concludes his address; nearly in the following manner.

“ In composing the poem which I now present to the public, I was not merely instigated by the design of doing the sex justice. In addition to this motive, I had another. I wished to lead back to their society a valiant people, whom the concussions of the revolution have thrown at a distance from them; and by this means, to restore to it that character of urbanity which it has nearly lost in the struggles of party.

“ It must be confessed, that, if the French people formerly possessed the graces of Athens, they have latterly exchanged them for a considerable degree of Spartan bluntness. And the example of our present

upstart rulers, whose minds have been but slightly cultivated; with the influence of the rising generation, whose education has been interrupted, or materially altered during the horrors of war, nay, from day to day, bring about a still greater change in the national character.

“What can most effectually oppose the progress of this growing evil? doubtless the society of amiable women. They best polish the manners; they impress the sentiment of decorum; they are the true preceptors in elegance and refinement of taste. They can restore to us the graces which have forsaken us; give us back that affability which was our distinguishing characteristic; and *re-create*, if I may so express myself, that nation whom so many convulsions, crimes, and misfortunes have thrown out of their true bias.

“Ah! had the chiefs of terror more truly appreciated them, less blood would have flowed. Men who know how to prize them as they ought to be prized, are rarely barbarians.”

Thus far the author. The translator, on her part, begs leave to state, that she was induced to give an English version of the poem in question, from having it represented to her, that it was a late, and a very popular production in France. And the literature of a country, she would fain hope, is exempted from the prejudices and enmities of national warfare. Another motive was, its being, at the time she undertook the

translation, a very scarce book in England. The copy procured for her, was, as she was informed, the only one that had then reached this country.

What degree of general interest the subject or title of the original work may excite, she pretends not to judge. For the defects of the translation she must (to adopt a very trite mode of deprecation) solicit the indulgence of a candid public. "Those who translate poetry," says the ingenious translator of Baron Stolberg's Travels, "must not pore over the words of the author, but imbibe his feelings; animate themselves with the same fires; and soar on the same daring wing." To German poetry this rule may be applicable: but in a language so extremely unsusceptible of poetical graces as the French, those animated fires, those lofty flights, are sought in vain. Bound down by want of variety in phraseology, poverty of diction, and, it may be added, uncouthness of measure, the poet can very seldom, indeed, soar on daring wing.

Under these disadvantages, the translator feels very conscious, and laments, that she does not possess genius capable of raising the poem into brilliancy; nor, she fears, of impressing it with interest. The only merit she can claim, is, her having, she thinks, faithfully rendered the sense of her author; except in one or two passages, where she has intentionally deviated.

THE MERITS OF WOMEN.

As Juvenal, who held up vice to shame,
Rival to Horace, in satiric fame ;
And as Despreaux, who both so ably led,
In modern lore, Parnassian heights to tread,
Of poignant wit exhausted all the arms,
Against a sex, whose virtues, and whose charms,
Form the first ornament, the sweetest grace,
With which high heaven has blessed man's favoured race ;
Though humbly conscious how remote I stand
From names so great, though nerveless were this hand
Against their powers to hurl defiance bold,
On common themes, yet here, no longer cold,
Fired by the cause, I dare, against a host,
Attempt their rescue whom I value most ;
Dare to assert their rights with dauntless heart,
Of all creation's works the loveliest part.

When God's sole voice called forth, as from a trance
Of chaos, where they slept, the vast expanse
Of heavens ; bade earth emerge, wide oceans flow,
And mountains rise, and vales extend below ;

Bade leafy forests spread their far-stretched shade ;
And man, still more miraculously made,
Called to be witness of the scene, and chief ;
A scene sublime, grand, wondrous, past belief !
As his last master-piece, he bade arise
Beauty's fair form, soft clothed in female guise.
Not Power Supreme, for exquisite delight,
Could yield a gift more rich to mortal sight !
Behold that open brow, which shews imprest
Celestial purity, the soul's bright guest ;
Those lips, whose smile each rapture can impart ;
Those eyes, whose tears drop anguish on the heart ;
See those small lines of Heaven's ethereal blue,
Contrast the alabaster's snowy hue ;
The blush of innocence that dyes the cheek ;
The waving glossy curls that o'er it break ;
The swelling bosom ; the proportions fine ;
The contours soft ; each charm almost divine !
How dangerously seductive were the whole !
But, to secure her empire o'er man's soul,
To give it double power, weight, permanence,
Woman adds virtues, talents, graces, sense !

When the fine tones of Laura's harp we hear,
Joined by her voice, soft, flexible, and clear,
By turns we gaze and listen, till we find
Double enchantment seize the captive mind.
Her sweet accords have ceas'd ; a master plays ;
His scientific skill demands our praise :

His rapid movements, complicated sounds,
Of boldest execution shew the bounds.
We hear with wonder, but no more we gaze ;
For, where the charms which Laura's form displays ?
Where those round arms, which love, with sly design,
Has moulded into symmetry so fine ?
Those arms which circling round, with matchless grace,
In living chains her tuneful harp embrace ?
Where is the roseate blush, the timid glance,
Which speak the soul refined, each charm enhance ?
No longer seen. But now, the concert o'er,
The ball commences. O'er the spacious floor
Lucinda, Chloris, Aglea, see advance,
With agile limbs, to tread the mazy dance,
Their youthful forms appropriately arrayed,
Their drapery of the lightest texture made ;
Gold, pearls, and gems round each their radiance fling ;
With flowers of tints that emulate the spring :
Their waving motions, elegantly bland,
Like beauteous lilies, by soft zephyrs fanned ;
Each step a grace : 't is fascination all !
Their youthful partners' hearts their victims fall.
E'en Momus' mirthful train no joys can prove,
Denied the presence of the Queen of Love.
And, but for her, how coldly would engage,
Those mimic scenes that charm us on the stage !
'T is true, when that fair object, so adored
By Orosmanes, of her heart's sole lord,

Breathes forth, in strains divine, the love, the woes,
The feats heroic, 'midst embattled foes,
The charms of verse alone, from all who hear,
Might well call forth the sympathetic tear ;
But aided by Gaussin's enchanting powers,
The soul's deep feelings flow in copious showers.

Hail ye fine arts ! life's polished treasures, hail !
To sooth man's woes how sweetly you avail !
But when with female talents you combine,
By secret charms you then transcendant shine.

Those flow'rs, by Valayer ¹ on the canvass thrown,
We stretch to pluck ! so true is nature shewn.
They breathe, they live ! those portraits so admired,
By which Le Brun has lasting fame acquired.
From their fine touch the graces lovelier grow :
The graces ever true delight bestow.

In Riccoboni, Tenien, La Fayette ²,
Love guides the pencil, whilst they scenes create :
Their charming fictions shew his able hand,
To touch our passions, each fine sense command.
Whilst our own times display his skill still more :
Chief, in Cecilia, Senange, Theodore ³.

A bard ⁴, 'tis true, as friendly to the fair,
Cautions them no poetic flights to dare.
To swell the loud-toned trumpet, strike the lyre,
Efforts too masculine, perhaps, require :
But from the breathing flute ⁵, whose tender strains
Awake sweet echo, 'midst hills, woods, and plains,

Chant sylvan scenery, calm, rural joys ;
Free from each bane which splendid life annoys,
How often have they drawn, with tuneful art,
Such tones as steal with magic to the heart !
Their sportive flights of wit, too, why reprove ?
Haply, true wit is more awake to love :
Then leave them free, with every lure refined,
To aid the God's soft empire o'er mankind.

Grave censors of the sex, whose eyes severe
View these fine talents with contemptuous sneer,
At least, can warmest gratitude, ah ! say,
Their *useful* fond exertions e'er repay ?
Ere yet existence breathes the vital air,
Their cares for us commence ; their love we share.
When, after months of languor, terrors, pain,
Then, pangs still more acute, doomed to sustain,
The patient sufferer, to maternal arms,
Receives her pledge of love, its infant charms,
Raising enthusiastic rapture high,
She vows, with thankful heart, and tear-fraught eye,
To him she will devote each anxious care ;
No toils remit, no tender office spare,
To shield his infant state from infant woes.
She o'er him hangs to watch his soft repose :
Chases the insect, who, with buzzing sound,
Or brushing wing, might break his rest profound.
Dark midnight's shade no pause in feeling makes ;
Her ear attentive, 'midst deep silence, wakes,

To catch the slightest noise that might annoy
The tranquil comfort of her precious boy.
Or, should, at length, sleep's balmy pressure close
Her heavy eyelids in a short repose,
E'en dreams her tender vigilance alarm ;
She starts ; flies to repel the threatened harm :
In fixed attention o'er her treasure bent,
Long she contemplates him with looks intent ;
Then, scarcely satisfied her fears were vain,
Resumes her couch, to watch and wake again.
Anon, when stretched, his little hands are spread,
And gentle clamours speak his slumbers fled,
Clasped in her arms, she quick, to still his cries,
The pure, health-yielding nourishment applies,
By Nature given, who nothing gives in vain,
Our feeble state to comfort and sustain.
Whilst the rapt mother ⁶ thus fulfils her part,
What soft emotions swell her feeling heart !
Mindless of all fatigue fond duty gives,
Not in herself, she in her son now lives.
Meanwhile the enraptured husband both enfolds ;
With interest all awake the scene beholds ;
And finds his beauteous wife and boy divide
His tenderest feelings, and his fondest pride.
This first sweet gift of Hymen's sacred tie,
Her own chief grace appears in woman's eye :
See ! all the pride of conscious beauty flown,
Save that reflected by her child alone.

The young Isauria, dazzling bright with charms,
Whilst a loved infant blessed her tender arms,
Saw that dire malady his frame invade,
Whose cruel rage such ravages has made
On Nature's polished forms; left its rude trace,
'Midst the soft lines of the once faultless face;
Forming, in love-inspiring beauty's room,
Scars which so oft deformity become.
All fly the infected scene in dread alarm;
Alone, Isauria braves the threatened harm;
Attends, perhaps, her fondling's bed of death,
To sooth his pangs, receive his parting breath!
Or, should kind Heaven restore him to her prayers,
Herself may prove the victim to her cares!
Her husband combated with tender strife,
Contagion thought not of, nor charms, nor life,
She perseveres. But lo! the fell disease
On the swoln eyeballs with fierce rancour preys;
Inevitable darkness must ensue,
Unless some friendly mouth the ill undo.
A mother's heart dares all! to the pained eyes,
Her soft, balm-breathing lips she long applies:
The hallowed efforts, by degrees succeed;
The venom drawn, the fast-closed eyelids freed,
Maternal love to her glad boy has given,
A second time, the cheering light of heaven!

A father's fond regards though we may prove,
Such tender proofs, do they e'er mark his love?

But other wants soon call for other cares ;
The child each day increased perception shares.
And as the eaglet, eager for the sky,
Checked by instinctive prudence, will but try
Near the parental nest his first essay,
To stretch his new-fledged wings, and meet the day ;
So, gently aided by maternal hands,
The little trembler, yet ill-balanced, stands ;
Then tries to step, with fear-expressive face ;
His fond conductor waits his tardy pace,
With open arms, to catch him ere he fall ;
Should tottering limbs for such assistance call.
Her tender cares his aliment supplied ;
Her tender cares now his first footsteps guide.
His kind preceptress next, she tries to frame
His stammering accents to pronounce that name
Which benefits, which each fond tie endear :
He lisps, “ Mamma ”—’t is music to her ear !
Progressive sense, as months and years succeed,
Requires new lights—her boy must learn to read :
With sportive arts she lures him on to ask
Her ready aid, whilst pleasure smooths his task ;
And mingling frolic with instruction mild,
Her child to teach, she acts, herself, the child.

But her loved pupil soon she sees consigned
To other hands, less gentle, and less kind ;
The rigid tutor ; he, with brow austere,
Reproves each trivial fault in tone severe.

Poor boy ! to what kind bosom now disclose
The mighty ills that prey on his repose ?
Who will afford his aching heart relief ?
His mother ! fond partaker of his grief.
She dries his swimming eyes ; his peace restores,
By soft remonstrance, joined to playful stores.
Glad smiles and tears alternate seem at strife,
To mark the April days of early life.

But that sweet season fleets, how swift ! away ;
And childhood's feelings yield to passion's sway.
Of these, in youth's soft bosom, one o'er all
Reigns paramount, at genial Nature's call.
The humid eye, flushed cheek, and throbbing heart,
The sigh involuntary, feverish start,
Its vast resistless influence proclaim.
What object thus can agitate his frame ?
Thus his whole soul with rapturous tumults thrill ?
'Tis woman ! all-attractive woman still !
'Tis love ! before whose altar to adore,
Gives a new being he ne'er felt before !
By day strange palpitations heave his breast ;
By night love's fairy visions break his rest :
He roams in quest of some self-promised good ;
Some sacred charm, yet scarcely understood.
The beauteous maid who every thought employs,
Source of this impulse sweet, these new-born joys,
In secret sees the passion she inspires ;
In secret, too, the enamoured youth admires ;

How much ! to speak it, weak would language prove !

'Tis all the fond excess of virtuous love.

He breathes his ardent vows to favouring ears ;

He pleads with pathos, she unfrowning hears ;

Whilst the deep blush, and downcast eye, reveal

What virgin modesty would yet conceal.

Ecstatic moment ! point high-wrought of bliss !

When bolder grown, he snatches the first kiss !

Inhales her balmy breath ; inebriate, sips

Delicious nectar from her vermeil lips !

Of mutual love the seal ; whilst plighted vows

Crown those fond transports his blest fate allows.

Sole idol of his worship, she, from thence,

Rules every faculty, absorbs each sense ;

Fills time and space with all that's good and fair ;

Impregns with happiness the ambient air :

His whole existence centres in her smile ;

Her presence can each earth-born care beguile.

Amidst the festive circle do they meet,

By nymphs unnumbered graced, with charms replete,

He sees but one ; but one his eyes pursue,

Whilst every glance beams with affection true.

When absent from her, roused at early dawn,

He seeks the shade that skirts the flowery lawn ;

A limpid dimpled fountain bubbling near ;

The hour, the scene to musing lovers dear ;

There stretched recumbent, fixed in thought profound,

His fair he finds in every object round.

The clear o'erhanging vault of azure die,
Shews the bright azure of her sparkling eye ;
Less luminous young morning's orient ray,
Than those which 'neath her dark fringed eyelids play.
Fair Flora's gifts which dew-impearled now bloom,
Breathe of her severed lips the rich perfume ;
The hues her fine turned neck and cheek disclose,
Deck the mild lily, and the opening rose.
Soft zephyr whispering through the tufted grove,
Sweet chaunts of earliest birds, attuned to love,
With waters murmuring as they glide along.
In mingled melody, recall her song.
Thus Nature's charms reflect from every part,
The cherished form engraven on his heart.
His hours on ecstasy's fleet pinions move ;
Life's an enchanted circle formed by love.

But when, by Hymen sanctioned, his fond arms
Clasp as his own, her wondrous world of charms,
Ah ! how express his plenitude of joy ?
Pure as exalted ! sweet without alloy !
And when by time, this rapturous excess,
Mellowed to joys, though calmer, yet not less ;
When looking round, with chastened mild delight,
Nought else but scenes all blissful meet his sight,
Domestic peace, each richer gift of life,
How does he bless their precious source, his wife !
To crown those gifts, one yet remains in store ;
Become a father ! can he wish for more

Of earth's possessions? to his heart to hold
Another self, cast in so sweet a mould !
In infant loveliness, with pride to trace
His living portraiture, in form and face !
There, too, the mother's beauties all appear,
And render each dear object doubly dear.

Thrice happy father ! when a group of these
Surround thy board, climb' thy paternal knees :
When thy noise-echoing mansion loud repeats
The sports of infancy ; youth's active feats :
When soaring upwards still in form and powers,
Their future weal employs thy watchful hours ;
Their every thought, open and clear as light,
Unveiled to thy discriminating sight.
Thou pointest their progress, as each bias sways ;
And all assured of their time-lengthened days,
Mindless what perils threat each early stage,
Hailest them as props of thy declining age.

Connubial love ! what stores dost thou impart,
Of all that soothes and satisfies the heart !
The rough mechanic owns thy gentle sway :
When borne the heat and labour of the day,
Hastening to his blest home with joy sincere,
Glad smiles and cheerful comfort meet him there.

The statesman, bent beneath a nation's cares,
To his loved partner for relief repairs.
From self a fugitive, within her arms,
Of dark cabals forgets the lurking harms :

Suspicion's glooms, abroad, that haunt his mind,
In her soul-cheering presence are resigned;
And soothed by love's pure exquisite delight,
Of honours, riches, power, he loses sight.
In solitary grandeur sad, unblest,
What charm could soothe his toil-worn mind to rest?

Another tie there is, not less refined,
Not less congenial to the feeling mind—
Pure friendship, when, from jealous discords free,
Two kindred souls in mutual league agree.
But sweeter far the compact, when one side,
By woman's softness tempers lordly pride.
Then all those tenderer energies we prove,
Warmer than friendship, less perturbed than love;
Love's sister may the tie be justly nam'd,
On Delicacy's fairest model fram'd.
Those soothing cares that charm our griefs to rest,
That flattering interest in each act exprest,
Those mild complacencies by women shewn
"Twixt men (more rough of mould) but half are known.
Woman, her soul with generous feelings warmed,
For confidential sympathy is formed.
To her united, (sweetest tie on earth !)
Whatever project in thy soul has birth,
With thee she scans, views in each varied light ;
With thee the doubtful weighs, the wrong, the right.
Whatever sorrow presses on thy heart,
Susceptible to all, she claims her part :

Not isolated by cold selfish views,
She pity, comfort, blessing would diffuse.
Compassion's melting eye for thee o'erflows;
Mild pleading Reason's accents sooth thy woes;
Thy soft reprover she, thy gentle guide;
In prosperous and in adverse fortune tried.

O good Fontaine! who sacred friendship sung,
Whilst La Sabliere on thy smooth numbers hung!
In converse sweet thy blameless moments flew,
Though nought of love's fond transports either knew.
With thee close linked in Amity's strict ties,
She sought thy wish almost ere it could rise.
Thy heart, thy fables, thy chagrins she heard;
Indulged each bent by indolence endeared;
Benignly shedding o'er thy peaceful days,
Felicity, pure as thy moral lays.

Such benefits the lovely sex bestow.
But if enjoyments sweet to them we owe,
They aid not less our life's success the while.
Oft glorious deeds are prompted by a smile.
Where is the man whose toils, however hard,
Are not o'erpaid by Beauty's fond regard?
Would brilliant talents claim the laurelled meed
By beauty given, 't is rapture to succeed!
But chief, sweet poesie from her derives
That stimulus, by which the poet lives
To fame, far sounding in immortal verse,
Which deeds divine in strains divine rehearse.

Love and inspiring beauty genius aid :
O'er those soft pages which their charms pervade,
He dwells enraptured, emulous to prove
By rival strains that he, too, bows to love !
On that proud scene where buskined heroes tread,
By thee, Melpomene, to glory led,
Thy bard in trembling expectation stands,
To hail the plaudits of resounding hands.
His glowing verse, which thronging crowds admire,
Breathes all the poet's, all the lover's fire.
What brilliant sentiment ! what force of thought !
The growing interest, with what skill 't is wrought !
The impassioned hero wayward fate arraigns ;
The heroine, modest, tender, soothes his pains.
Warm from his heart each feeling thus portrayed ;
By those who know not love, in vain essayed.
Loud hands, applauding voices, gushing tears
His triumph waft to his enraptured ears !
He towers in air, looks down on earthly joys,
All there, save love, beholds as empty toys !
In conscious virtue, conscious talent proud,
He softly cries, 'midst the applauding crowd,
Whilst Gratitude's warm drops his eyes o'erflow,
Oh, lovely sex ! this gift to thee I owe !

That former lifeless, grovelling clod of earth,
Whence does his martial ardour claim its birth ?
His heart, by love new-moulded, sought, rich prize !
That grace which valour gives in beauty's eyes.

And that the brave have still this grace possest,
Thy days, exalted Chivalry⁹! attest.
In that pure age, when ladies, chaste as fair,
Dispensed rewards, beauty was Valour's care.
In that pure age each dame her favoured knight
Armed and inspired against the coming fight :
In lofty language, and with noble pride,
Called forth his courage, ready to be tried.
Encouraged by sweet smiles, and love's kind glance ;
His helm adjusted, gave the polished lance ;
His armour braced, where, haply, some device,
Wrought by her beauteous hands, gave richest price :
Oft-times, in mystic cyphers, interwove,
Their blended names appeared, prized mark of love !
Her veil, as scarf, oft graced him in the field ;
And oft her portrait served his heart to shield.
Thus graced by beauty, as by love inspired,
To deeds of bold emprise his soul was fired.
Full twenty standards, torn from hostile hands,
Battalions numerous quelled, of warlike bands,
His prowess spoke : it seemed as potent charms,
Of high enchantment, hovered o'er his arms !
Returned in triumph, hailed with loud acclaim,
In public, sanctioned to avow his flame,
Pay open homage to his chosen fair,
Whose charms to conquest spurred, what bliss his
share !
In those proud shows, which he, as victor, graced,
Her hand the laurel on his temples placed :

Hence, in his heart, tender and fierce by turns,
With mutual ardour, love and glory burns.

Ah! warriors of our days, why lay aside
Those usages our grandsires deemed their pride?
Why does not, (tempering our new essay,)
Our infant commonwealth to beauty pay
The homage due? Invincible in arms,
Should we become less brave decked with the charms
Of gentle courtesy? Still Frenchmen be;
Nor deviate from our famed urbanity.
Whilst conquest meets our wish on every side,
Let beauteous damsels o'er our feasts preside;
Let rosy wreaths twined with immortal bay,
Our sanguinary stains thus wipe away.

'T was thus the Greeks, that people so refined,
Nor less intrepid, love and war combined.
The victor's meed, by beauty's hand bestowed,
Held out an emblem which their manners shewed;
Each polished grace, with glory's martial skill,
Their history's page with equal interest fill.

The ancients let us imitate, in all
Where softened shades our admiration call.
Their fabled beauty's queen, and god of arms,
In mutual love attached, portray the charms,
The sweetly grand effect which meets our sight,
When powerful strength and softest grace unite.

And who so fit to crown the warrior, say,
As those who know so well their deeds to pay

With just applause ? who even themselves can feel
That martial warmth inspired by patriot zeal.
Did not Palmyra's queen ¹⁰ long time withstand
The ravages of Rome's all-conquering hand ?
Another, too ¹¹, enthroned in regal pride
Where famed Euphrates rolls its mighty tide,
In deeds of arms, in works of peace renowned,
When, hero-like, returned, with conquest crowned,
From war's fierce combats, her glad people saw
Her more than woman's powers dispense the law.

But not to queens alone this praise is due ;
Females uncrowned have worn the laurel too ;
Have led the way to conquest, or been led ;
Triumphed as generals, or as soldiers bled.
In the rude camp, amidst the din of arms,
War's brazen panoply has veiled their charms :
Limbs cast in delicacy's polished mould,
Have marched through fierce extremes of heat and
cold :

The frowning casque has beauty's self concealed ;
The ponderous weapon softest hands have held :
And every grace kind nature could bestow,
Have courted dangers which they ne'er should know
Efforts how glorious ! doubly great to rise,
And shew their arms victorious as their eyes.

Thou, Telesilla ¹², proved the truth I sing:
Thy genius, soaring on exalted wing,
Nursed by the muses, as by Mars inspired,
A people saw, and gratefully admired.

And thou, of France the rescue and the shield,
Called from the hamlet to the tented field,
Armed in a nation's cause by power divine,
Oh, Joan of Arc ¹³ ! what deathless glory thine !
Desponding hands, roused by thy martial flame,
Angel of God ! thee hailed with loud acclaim.
The victor English, by thy might expelled,
Orleans' late trembling walls, secured beheld.
From foreign yoke thou freedst thy native soil ;
Ledst back thy king, nigh worn with cares and toil,
To Rheims, which with astonishment profound,
Saw him, late fugitive, in triumph crowned.

Thrice happy sex ! of triumph still assured :
Yet, haply, triumphs in rude fields procured,
Less suited to thy loveliness appears
Than that of those soul-conquering arms, thy tears
Haman with enmity the Jews pursued ;
Esther, their hope, watched o'er her nation's good.
When to her spouse and sovereign low she knelt,
And wept, Ahasuerus deeply felt ;
Her tears, her beauties, each harsh purpose chased ;
And the proud courtier doomed to death, disgraced.

Fierce Coriolanus, when from Rome expelled,
Fled to her Volscian foes, her doom had sealed.
Extermination vowed his vengeful rage.
Her consuls, tribunes, her patricians sage,
Her sacred priests, chaste Vestals, all low bent ;
Even tutelary gods, his fell intent

Seemed prone to deprecate. In vain all sued ;
Inflexible, each order he withstood.

Ready to strike, Romé saw the impending blow,
Which all her pride and grandeur should lay low.

Nought but blind fury in his heart prevailed :

A mother had not yet that heart assailed.

Forgetful of her banished son's disgrace,
Veturia's wrath to patriotism yields place.

With solemn state, across the hostile plain,

In sable weeds she leads the matron train,

To where the threatening victor frowning stands,

Closely hemmed in by watchful Volscian bands.

Her tears, her suppliant prayers the hero move ;

By swift degrees wrath yields to filial love :

" Mother revered !" he cries : " thy suit is won.

" Thy country thou hast saved ! but lost thy son !"

How oft have tears disarmed the victor's hand ?

Edward, in vain, had given the dire command

In vanquished Calais, to the death decreed,

Her six brave, virtuous citizens to lead.

His queen with mingled sympathy and awe

These glorious self-devoted victims saw ;

And skilful in the methods to assuage,

(Though dreadful in his frown,) her consort's rage,

Exerting her soft influence, to save,

Life to his foes, fame to the victor gave !

Happy the king and people, where the throne
Is shared by female excellence. Then none

Afflicted or opprest, implore in vain
The royal clemency ; unheard complain.
The queen who pity knows, joys to extend
Soft mercy's sway ; to be the subject's friend.
With gracious ear she listens to their woes ;
With condescending goodness, aid bestows.
Oft even, escaped from royalty's parade,
She seeks the prison's gloom, the hamlet's shade,
To pour her benefits. Her zeal alert,
Eludes base flatterers' purpose, to divert
Far from the sovereign's ear a nation's cries :
Her power, which their insidious arts defies,
For modest indigence procures a place ;
For innocence condemned, the royal grace.
Softened by her, the monarch joys to hear
Those public plaudits poured by love sincere ;
And feels, whilst lent the godlike power to bless,
Great, only, in his people's happiness.

Nor underneath the diadem, alone,
Does female mercy dwell ; oft has it shone
In humbler walks of life, with ray benign :
Woman's soft heart is mercy's favourite shrine.
Open, and prove this truth, ye sad retreats,
Where the maimed soldier, worn by martial feats,
Where penury, its sole asylum left,
Of all life's comforts, as of health bereft,
Find oft, alas ! but ineffectual aid,
Save there where holy sisters¹⁴ cares pervade.

Sisters ! that cherished name how justly theirs,
Whose tender zeal the sacred tie endears !
In hallowed cloisters, their long fixed abode,
Where their pure souls held converse with their God,
Oft they invoked His power, with suppliant prayer,
Humanity from each dire ill to spare.
Now from His altars by strong duty prest
In virtue's active scenes they serve Him best.
Affecting proof of courage ! thus to dare,
'Midst pangs and death to breathe infected air.
With minds serene to tread those lazar haunts ;
Of suffering beings to explore the wants ;
Without disgust those offices fulfil
Which selfish natures shrink from ! with prompt skill
The meliorating lint on wounds to spread ;
With gentle hands to smooth each wretched bed ;
Those beds, of anguish, and extorted cries,
Sad witnesses ! those beds curtailed in size ;
Where avaricious pity has confined
To narrowest bounds the space to each assigned.
Sustained by warm Benevolence's glow,
Those sainted maids no relaxation know.
Humanity, herself, the wretch's friend
Seems hovering o'er where'er their steps they bend.
Whilst those thus tended each emotion prove
Of rapturous gratitude ; perhaps of love !
Exclaiming, " Woman is the friend adored,
" Who health, peace, comfort, being ! has restored."

Oh, sex ! who call you timid, judge you ill :
Where your hearts speak, you prove intrepid still.
Why did cold, barbarous Theban judges doom
Antigone, whilst living, to the tomb ?
Immured in that drear cavern they prepare ;
Cut off from friends, from nourishment, and air !
'T was that her pious hands had dared to save
A brother's loved remains ¹⁵ within the grave :
Dared to infringe that law, which had decreed,
Fell vultures on his lifeless form should feed !
Full well she knew the penalty incurred ;
But Polynices ! him alone she heard :
Heard him reclaim those holy rites, which give
To sepulture all who have ceased to live.
This sacred duty done, she joyed to meet
That death, by fond affection rendered sweet !

And thou, Eponia ¹⁶, whose ennobled blood,
Virtue ennobled ! on the scaffold flowed !
Her loved Sabinus, vanquished, driven to flight ;
Screened in a cavern wild from human sight,
She quickly found ; the world unwept resigned,
To share his dangers, sooth his harassed mind.
Oh ! proof heroic of connubial love !
Nine circling years her faith, her courage prove,
Her tender cares, each day, their sad recess,
The sacred temple made of happiness ;
Transformed, to her enraptured husband's eyes,
Those hideous dells to bowers of Paradise :

Of dismal echoes, which sad sounds repeat
Her love-toned accents formed vibrations sweet :
And that hard rock, the bed they nightly prest,
Proved the blest couch of peace and balmy rest !

And Blanch ! in thee still higher proofs shine forth
Of conjugal affection, greatness, worth !
Invested round, Bassano long had stood
Hostile attacks, where flowed her choicest blood.
Amongst the slain, a loss by all deplored,
Blanch mourned, with heart-wept tears, a spouse
adored.

In a sad tomb, by widowed anguish reared,
His precious loved remains she saw interred :
There daily poured, her sole, her sad relief,
The sacred tribute of still springing grief !
At length the city, prodigies performed,
Was forced to yield, by her opponent stormed.
The victor, as through seas of blood he strode,
Soon reached the palace, Blanch's drear abode.
Ill-fated Blanch ! he came, he saw, he loved !
Her conqueror, straight, her humblest suitor proved.
He knelt, her favour, her least smile implored :
Shuddering disdain repulsed the suit abhorred.
Despised ! with plans of sudden vengeance teems
His haughty soul, the prey of fierce extremes.
In turn, now, even 'gainst weeping beauty steeled,
He threatens force, should kindness fail to yield.
With horror struck, she saw his dire intent ;
The impending woe—love—hatred ! courage lent.

" Insult not," with calm dignity, she said,
 " Insult not thus the ashes of the dead!
 " These eyes, alas! have wept a husband slain,
 " Whose cold remains yon vault's damp walls contain.
 " To me, then, oh! one little hour afford,
 " Alone to visit my departed lord:
 " The next, my fate is in my conqueror's hands,
 " And I obsequious to his least commands."

Again the tide of love, of joy, returns
 To that fell heart where lawless passion burns.
 He leads her forth elate with towering hope;
 Himself commands they death's asylum ope.
 Entering, the exalted fair, those dear remains,
 'Gainst the last pulse that love shall vibrate, strains.
 Then with a hand strengthened in virtue's cause,
 On her own head the ponderous stone she draws,
 Which o'er the consecrated relics placed,
 Descending, crushed that head; each charm defaced!
 Thus did a spouse beloved¹⁷, though lifeless, prove
 Protector of a wife's chaste constant love.

Spirits sublime! whose names the sacred flame
 Of virtue tried, thus consecrates to fame!

But why, for models great, to other times
 Thus have recourse? why search in foreign climes?
 Our age¹⁸, our country hold up to our view
 Feelings as tender, fortitude as true!
 Whilst fell decemvirs, foes to man and God,
 Wielded with murderous sway the iron rod,

Did not examples numerous, proofs most dear,
Of female magnanimity appear ?
Fear reigned on every side ; hearts shrunk appalled ;
In vain the friend distressed on friendship called :
Frenchmen of Frenchmen seemed the deadliest foes ;
Death stalked unchecked, none in defence arose.
The sex alone, with active generous zeal,
Seemed as inspired to watch the general weal :
Sought to avert that death, which o'er us all
Impending hung, unknown where next to fall :
Dared to encounter the terrific glare
Of angry tyrants ! This from bed of care,
Starting at early dawn, fixed to those gates,
'Gainst mercy closed, their first approach awaits.
That, with the savage gaoler, who unmoved,
Her tears could view, gold's stronger influence proved ;
And from ferocious avarice, thus gained
Access to where, by usurpation chained,
A spouse beloved, or aged sire revered,
Groaned in unjust captivity, unheard ;
And ministering each day to deep distress,
Brought consolation, though denied redress.
One, a loved object, doomed dire rage to sate,
Asked, and obtained, glad leave to share his fate.
Urged by licentious power, a doating wife,
By, scarcely guilt ! purchased a husband's life.
Virtuous adultress ! may the prayer succeed,
That Heaven in mercy will remit the deed !

Sunk in despondence, whilst our men gave way,
To fears enervate, or to wild dismay,
Whilst looking round, of every hope bereft,
Women alone, seemed for their succour left;
Each, firm, collected, active to defend,
Sire, son, or husband, brother, lover, friend;
Pleaded, knelt, wept; implored! if still denied,
With them, or for them, willing victims died!

One instance to adduce, impressive scene!
With me recall that execrable reign,
When dire September's horrors, days of fear!
To death and carnage oped the long career:
When sleeping laws held forth no power to save;
Nor a distracted senate succour gave:
When age, nor rank, nor sex exemption found
From rage infernal, spreading havoc round.
Fiends borne by Bacchus, and the Furies fell,
To prisons flew; death-armed! with horrid yell.
There dead on dead, dying on dying thrown;
Shuddering, all heaved one universal groan!
'Midst this dire scene of anguish and despair,
A maid rushed through the throng, with frenzied air;
Sombreuil, in youth's fresh bloom, one victim spied;
"Barbarians! 't is my father!" loud she cried:
"Oh! spare him!" kneeling, pity she demands;
Clasps their hard knees; kisses their blood-stained
hands.

When cries, tears, nor entreaties aught avail,
 Desperate, she even with force now dares assail :
 Arrests the arm raised o'er his reverend head ;
 Against the murderous steel, extended spread
 Her form, to save that honoured form more dear :
 Grasps him—then looses hold—again gets near !
 Her struggles, dangers, her devoted zeal,
 In nature's sacred cause, even teach to feel
 The murderers ! a moment, they suspend
 The work of death ! that moment, pity's friend !
 She seized with eager joy ! strained in her arms,
 Her sire adored, rescued from present harms.
 Quick lifting, from the homicides she bore
 Her burden, through those walls, all smeared with
 gore !

Then hailed, in safety placed, with smiles serene,
 The wondering object of this wondrous scene.

Enjoy, and oh ! accept thy meed of praise
 Thou blest Antigone of modern days ¹⁹ !
 Whilst thrones and people mutual umbrage give,
 Thy sainted name from age to age shall live
 Long as a world sweet filial love admires ;
 Of daughters bright exemplar, boast of sires !

Alas ! this sire, heart-rending to relate !
 By brigands spared, fell judges doomed to fate !

Thus nobly soar, on virtue's wings up-borne,
 Those whom proud man affects to view with scorn !

Man, whom, when trembling on the brink of fate,
 They fly to save; or join, self-immolate!
 To them for soft support misfortune clings:
 From them felicity's first blessing springs.
 When age has shed its winters o'er man's head,
 Fond retrospects imagination lead,
 To joys in life's delightful prime bestowed,
 By her, his sweet companion through its road:
 And who, even on the borders of the tomb,
 Can teach some bright perennial flowers to bloom.
 Decked with each charm of native loveliness,
 A daughter too, exerts her power to bless;
 Performs each tender office love can claim,
 To sooth pain's couch, support the nerveless frame.
 Thus cheered, thus comforted, old age appears
 No toilsome burden; death no terrors wears:
 And ere his lingering eyes for ever close,
 Their last fond looks on those loved forms repose.

Say ye, of lovely woman foes profest,
 Is not conviction on my verse imprest?
 "No," you exclaim, "the blindly partial lays
 Without discrimination lavish praise.
 "Why pass the female gambler's soul of storm?
 "The female miser's care-distorted form?
 "The brass-enveloped heart of female pride?
 "Or that which weak caprice and self-will guide?
 "The shrew, whose jealous soul suspicions fill;
 "The lover's bane, the husband's lasting ill?"

And, does perfection, then, to man pertain?
'That thus the sex he boldly dares arraign?
Our faults, still more our vices theirs exceed,
Without their charms in our behalf to plead.

Still you retort, " Women are ever frail,
" Where love, ambition, interest assail.
" Witness Eriphyle ²¹, whose venal mind
" A fond confiding spouse to death consigned.
" Witness the horrors by Medea wrought ²²,
" In Colchis. Can these deeds be e'er forgot?
" In Lesbos ²³ too, the universal crime
" Of female ire, must live to latest time.
" Vile Messalina view, devoid of shame,
" 'Midst horrid saturnalias brand her fame.
" Still, our more modern annals to explore,
" Medicis, see, athirst for human gore,
" With bigot fury, instigate her son
" 'To murderous deeds, too dire to be out-done ²⁴!"

As you, these fiends I view with deep disgust.
But should you praise that satirist, as just,
Who argument from fell 'Tiberius brings
To stamp the general character of kings?
Of stars whose brilliant orbs illumine the night,
With baleful influence some diffuse their light;
But less resplendent do those others shine,
Whose course is harmony, whose rays benign?
Who, piercing through the clouds that veil the skies,
Dispel the gloom of nature, charm our eyes?

'Mongst herbs, which for man's use profusely spring,
Some meet his touch with irritating sting.
'Midst countless tribes of flowers which o'er our meads,
In blooming fragrance, rear their beauteous heads,
Some there are found with poisonous juices fraught,
Which, with discriminating skill, when sought,
Furnish the treacherous draught impregn'd with fate,
Dark vengeance, or remorseless rage to sate:
Yet, prize we less those innocent of harm,
Whose vivid tints, or softer beauties charm
The admiring sight, whose essences exhale
In breathing sweetness with each balmy gale?

Like these to deck life's desert, charm its road,
Was woman formed; Heaven's last best gift bestowed.
Let them not, then, have reason to complain
That man's malicious envy would profane
Those attributes from which he should derive
The highest bliss his mortal state can give.
Abjure those errors, sceptics! which degrade
Those who expressly were our helpmates made.
Respect their virtues; own their high deserts:
And, if the voice of nature in our hearts,
Be no chimera, bend in homage low
To that blest sex to whom you mothers owe.

NOTES

TO THE MERITS OF WOMEN.

¹ *Those flowers by Valayer, &c.*] Madame Valayer Costes excels in the art of painting flowers and still-life; Madame le Brun in that of portrait-painting; and so striking are her resemblances, as to place her in a rank nearly on a level with Vandyke.

² *In Riccoboni, Tenien, la Fayette, &c.*] Madame la Fayette composed the romances of "Zayde," and "The Princess of Cleves;" with many other productions of high merit: Madame Tenien, "The Memoirs of Cominges," &c. and Madame Riccoboni, who flourished in a later period, "The Marquis de Cressi, Ernestina," &c.

³ *Cecilia, Senanges, Theodore, &c.*] These three by authors of the present day. Cecilia, an English novel, by Miss Burney: Adèle de Senanges, by Madame Flauhaut: and Adèle et Theodore, by la Comtesse de Genlis.

⁴ *A bard, 'tis true, &c.*] See the charming stanzas of the illustrious le Brun, addressed to poetic females. He allows, however, that ⁵ *From the breathing flute, &c.* their light fingers have drawn sounds which reach the heart.

⁶ *Whilst the rapt mother, &c.*] Gretry, in his excellent "Essay on Music," says, "The heart of a mother is the masterpiece of nature." An affecting instance

of this truth is recorded. A female having lost her only son, a priest exhorting her to resignation under her misfortune, from a religious submission to the will of God, mentioned, as an example for her imitation, the sacrifice of Abraham. "Ah! father," cried she, "God would never have exacted such a sacrifice from a mother!"

⁷ ———to the pained eyes, &c.] This is no fiction. Madame Genlis relates, as a fact, that a lady thus saved the sight of (instead of a son) a daughter of fifteen years of age.

⁸ O good Fontaine, &c.] Madame la Sabliere invited this poet to her house, where he lived with her twenty years. He had never enjoyed any thing under government; his own fortune was small; and he the worst of economists. Madame la Sabliere was not only his social friend, but the careful manager of his little property. Fontaine, at the period of time mentioned, lost this precious friend. Madame d'Hervart, however, supplied her place to him. There was something remarkable in the manner in which her services were offered, and accepted. "I have heard of your misfortune, and irreparable loss," said she, "and am come to offer you the accommodation of my house."—"I accept of it," replied he. This short answer forms the eulogium of both.

⁹ Thy days, exalted chivalry, &c.] Chivalry was an institution of the noblest nature; and served to soften and humanize the world; which, at that time, had scarcely emerged from the barbarism spread over it by the northern invaders.

¹⁰ Palmyra's queen, &c.] Zenobia; who ascended

the throne of Palmyra, in Syria, about the 267th year of the Christian æra. She, in person, fought against the Romans in Egypt; but was at length vanquished and taken prisoner by the emperor Aurelian.

" *Another, too——&c.*

[*Where famed Euphrates rolls his mighty tide, &c.*] Semiramis became queen of Babylon 1229 years before Christ, by succeeding her husband Ninus. She gained many victories in person; and was the dread of the monarchs of Asia; having dethroned many kings, and given their sceptres to others.

Many other queens have also immortalized themselves by their prowess and talents: as Thomyra, queen of the Scythians, who conquered Cyrus; Boadicea, queen of the Britons, who fought against the Romans; Margaret of Waldemar, queen of Denmark, who subjugated two kingdoms; Margaret of Anjou, fought twelve battles for the purpose of replacing her husband, Henry the Sixth, on the English throne; Jeanne de Montford, Duchess of Bretagne, after many sieges and battles, by sea and land, at length succeeded in placing the crown on the head of her son; and Henrietta, wife to Charles the First of England, crossed the sea nine times to fight against Cromwell.

In addition to this list, many republics, both ancient and modern, have transmitted to us accounts of women who have rendered themselves famous, by exploits of valour, or instances of address; although not seated on thrones. During the times of the Crusades, numbers of females fought in Asia. In many different incursions of

the Turks those of the islands of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, as, in the wars of France, those of Aix, Marseilles, and Perronne, often repulsed their enemies with great intrepidity.

¹² *Thou, Telesilla.*] Telesilla of Argos in the Peloponnesus was both a poet and warrior. Amongst other exploits, in the year 557 before Christ, she delivered her native city, which was besieged by Cleomenes king of Sparta. Her fellow-citizens, in commemoration of her achievements, erected her statue in the most conspicuous part of the city; where she was represented with a helmet on her head, and a pile of books at her feet.

¹³ *Joan of Arc, &c.*] Her story is too well known to need recapitulation here: as is also that of Philippa, wife to Edward the Third of England; and the six citizens of Calais.

¹⁴ ———— *holy sisters, &c.*] The sick nurses in both the military and civil hospitals of France, were, previous to the revolution, and are still, in many parts of Europe, nuns from neighbouring convents. The care and tenderness with which they perform so melancholy a duty are admirable.

¹⁵ ———— *dared to save*

A brother's loved remains.] The ancients attached a great price to the rites of sepulture, and the preservation of their dead bodies. Polynices, expiring by the sword of his brother Eteocles, in their contention for the crown, conjured his sister Antigone to see him buried. As he had borne arms against his country, his interment was forbidden by the magistrates, upon pain of death to

whoever should attempt it. Antigone disobeyed the mandate; and was, in consequence, condemned to be starved to death, in a cavern which they had walled up for the purpose.

¹⁶ *And thou, Eponia, &c.]* Eponia was wife to Sabinus, a prince of Gaul, who revolted against the emperor Vespasian. He was vanquished; and, flying, concealed himself in a subterranean cavern; where he was joined by Eponia, who resided there with him nine years; and bore two children during that period. They were, at length, discovered, and put to death by Vespasian; without respect to the virtues of this faithful and heroic wife.

The beautiful Panthea, wife to Abradates; Portia, wife of Brutus; Paulina, wife of Seneca; Arria, wife of Pætus; and Camma, widow to Senatus; who, to avenge his assassination, poisoned herself along with his murderers; have all rendered themselves equally famous with Eponia, by their eagerness to sacrifice themselves for beloved husbands.

¹⁷ *Thus did a spouse beloved.]* This is a historical fact. The heroine was wife to Jean Baptiste de la Porte, governor of Bassano. After the death of her husband, who was killed during the siege, she attempted in vain to save the place.

¹⁸ *Our age, our country—]* Many instances of female heroism exerted to save their husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, or friends, occurred during the dreadful epocha of the reign of terror, in France, soon after the revolution.

⁹———*Antigone of modern days.*] Antigone was daughter to Œdipus king of Thebes; who, on her father's being exiled after having pulled out his own eyes, attended him in his wanderings with the most dutiful attention. It was the same Antigone, who was afterwards doomed to death for the interment of her brother Polynices; as mentioned in a former note.

¹⁰*The brass-enveloped heart of female pride, &c.*] These are some of the faults with which Boileau reproaches the sex in his tenth satire.

¹¹*Witness Eriphyle*——] Eriphyle was wife to the divine Amphiaraus; one of the seven chiefs at the siege of Thebes. He had entrusted her with a secret prediction which had informed him that he should be killed, if he shewed himself at the siege. Seduced by the presents of Polynices, she discovered to him the asylum where her husband had concealed himself; and thus occasioned his death.

¹²———*the horrors by Medea wrought.*] Medea, previous to her flight with Jason, massacred her brother Absyrtes; and dispersed the members of his body over the road they were to pass, to stop the pursuit of her father.

¹³*In Lesbos too*——] The Lesbian women, learning that their husbands, who had gone on a distant expedition, had, during their absence, united themselves to other wives, murdered them all on their return.

¹⁴*Medicis see*——] The famous Catherine de Medicis, mother to Charles the Ninth, it is well known, urged him to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

It is impossible to recollect without emotions of the tenderest gratitude, the courageous attachment, the indefatigable perseverance, shewn by females in general, all over France, during the sanguinary horrors of the revolution, in their endeavours to save those proscribed individuals with whom they were connected, either by the ties of nature, wedlock, love, or friendship. In an early period of the reign of terror, a body of them, to the number of fifteen or sixteen hundred, presented a petition in person, to the Convention, in favour of those unjustly detained victims. Afterwards, in all those provincial towns, where imprisonment and massacre made daily havoc, there were no perils which the sex did not brave, no solicitations they spared, no sacrifices they did not impose on themselves, in order (if unable to rescue) to visit and console the objects of their affections.

In more than one instance, when they could neither procure their liberty, nor rescue them from impending destruction, they became voluntary partners in their captivity, and sharers in their final sufferings.

It would be sweetly gratifying to me to pay that homage due to each of those heroines, by here enregistering their names, with the memorials of their magnanimity; but how crowd into confined limits, facts so innumerable?

Those which I shall select for insertion, will serve to attest the justice of my verse, and to display the beneficence of those consolatory angels, who, in the days of crime and peril, seemed to act as the vicegerents of Providence.

The author, here, enters into a lengthened detail of revolutionary anecdotes ; which the translator thinks it best to omit. He then proceeds thus :

When thought dwells on our revolutionary massacres, particularly those perpetrated during the reign of terror, when murder stalked at large amongst us for the period of fourteen months, the contemplation forcibly recalls the times of Marius and Sylla ; an epocha equally fatal to humanity. Lucan, in his *Pharsalia*, has given a sketch of their proscriptions. The picture is deeply interesting. It is an old man who speaks, affrighted at the approach of Cæsar.

Here follows, in the original, a quotation of some length, from the Pharsalia.

POETICAL PIECES,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

POETICAL PIECES,

&c.

AN ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

OH Fortune ! goddess heavenly fair !
Propitious hear thy suppliant's prayer !
Let me approach thy splendid fane,
The humblest votary of thy train ;
There, whilst submit, to thee I pay
My vows, and own thy sovereign sway,
Thy gracious smiles let me implore ;
And deprecate thy harsher power.

If, by illusive fancy led,
Whilst youth's gay season o'er my head
With rapid pinions urged its flight,
And decked each scene in colours bright ;
If then, resentful of thy scorn,
I fondly hoped, by pride up-borne,
To soar aloft, thy power disown,
Nor sought thy smile, nor feared thy frown :
If, Quixote-like, I dared engage
'Gainst thee, and war unequal wage ;

Despised thy malice, braved its course ;
And deemed thy arrows void of force ;
Maturer now, I *feel*, and own
My error, which I would atone ;
My blind presumption would deplore ;
Thy every attribute restore ;
Confess, thy frown can bliss destroy,
Thy smile can heighten every joy.

Though distant from thy presence placed,
Though far unworthy such a guest,
Yet, shouldst thou deign to be my friend,
To me thy influence extend,
Thy magic glance all worth shall grant ;
Confer each merit that I want ;
And *all* shall find, by thee carest,
Me, “ wisest, virtuousest, and best.”

For, not to Folly’s sons alone,
Or sordid minds, thy power is known ;
Thy fascinating charms can bind
The best and wisest of mankind :
To thee all bend, through every stage,
From blooming youth to hoary age ;
Involuntary homage pay,
Unconscious of thy latent sway.

The free-born soul, with boundless powers,
’Midst nature’s works, supremely towers :
That soul, in whom all gifts combine,
To mark its origin divine ;

Whose active, comprehensive view,
Can pierce creation's wonders through ;
And, searching even beyond the tomb,
Anticipate a life to come !
Oft thou callest home, with mandate strong,
To droop beneath " the oppressor's wrong ;"
" The proud man's contumely " bear ;
The stern rebuff ; the taunt severe ;
Reproof too insolently plain ;
Insulting pity ; cold disdain ;
With all the various obloquies
That supercilious wealth employs,
To wring the bosom, pierce the heart,
With feeling's keen, corrosive dart.

Thee sacred friendship would disclaim :
Above all sordid, selfish aim,
Sublime, it rears aloft its throne ;
And seeks congenial minds alone.
Yet, do thy votaries oftenest bend
To ask thy succour for a friend :
Whilst they whose stars less brightly shine,
Obscured by thee with clouds malign,
Whose bosoms genuine friendship know,
With all its warmth, its fervour glow,
Oft meet, (if not the indignant spurn,)
Unkind neglect, or cool return.

And love, the heart's chief-favoured guest,
The sweetest inmate of the breast ;

Whose soft, but absolute control
Ennobles and refines the soul;
If, blest by thee, it mutual glows,
Exalted happiness bestows ;
But, when thy rigorous frowns pursue,
The ill-fated passion shrinks from view ;
And, whilst concealment wears a smile,
Takes deeper root, “ usurps the soil ;”
And, twining with life’s glowing flower,
Is plucked but in the mortal hour.

Even godlike virtue owes to thee
Felicity’s supreme degree ;
From thee derives (true happiness !) .
The more diffusive power to bless.
The open hand, and feeling heart,
Shed comfort’s balm o’er sorrow’s smart :
Whilst gratitude’s expressive tear,
With eloquence refin’d, sincere !
Repay with usury the whole ;
Breathes sweeter accents to the soul
Than venal flattery’s loud acclaim,
Though echoed by the voice of fame.
And Heaven itself, with smiles benign,
Approving stamps its seal divine ;
And bids each social virtue prove
The source of endless joys above !
Then, gracious Power ! oh ! haste to shed
Thy choicest blessings on this head !

Let wealth, in gorgeous form, descend,
Await my nod, my steps attend;
So shall praise, honour, friendship, love,
Bid all my hours with rapture move!
So shall this heart with joy o'erflow;
Expand, with sympathetic glow:
Shall with dispensing bounty bless,
And cheer the gloom of wretchedness

Yet, should the favours I implore
Fallacious prove, though gilded o'er;
Should happiness, that fugitive!
Fly far, nor deign with thee to live;
Or thou, whilst I invoke thy sway,
Exact beyond my power to pay;
Is mean servility the price;
Integrity the sacrifice:
Should luxury, fair virtue's bane,
Absorb each sentiment humane;
Or avarice, with "contracting power,"
Unblest, corrode each anxious hour;
Retain thy gifts! and in their stead,
Let peace her balmy influence shed.
By me ambition be resigned,
Whose wild extreme subverts the mind;
Which pride with principle confounds,
And virtue's self remorseless wounds.

Let me the better part prefer ;
 To mild Religion's helps recur ;
 And, with her awful truths imprest,
 Confess, that what Heaven wills is best.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. B****E, ON THE ANNI-
 VERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE.

As annual suns bring back the auspicious day,
 Which gave my friend to Hymen's gentle sway,
 Exulting fates display, with fond delight,
 Their work, where love and happiness unite :
 Whilst guardian angels prompt, with smiles of joy,
 Their task pursue, their every care employ,
 With sheltering wings to guard domestic bliss ;
 And smooth, to brighter worlds, your path through this.
 Be still that path with freshest flowers o'erspread ;
 There every choicest gift of Heaven be shed ;
 Thence, favouring fates, and guardian angels, still,
 With watchful care, avert each human ill.
 Thou, Health, be there, with thy all-healing power ;
 String every nerve ; each genial blessing shower ;
 Bid fell disease and pain be felt no more ;
 And breathe thy softest balm through every pore.

This day may long successive years still own,
 The fairest, brightest, time has ever known !
 And may each glad return still find the wife,
 Blest in the valued partner of her life ;
 Blest in each joy a mother's heart can know,
 Which filial and parental love bestow,
 As in their smiling cherub girl they find
 The youthful transcript of each parent's mind,
 Where native worth, and native vigour blend ;
 There skilful culture every aid shall lend :
 And whilst maternal care instruction pours,
 And watchful prudence guards her tender hours,
 Still may her opening powers, from day to day,
 Fulfil each fondest wish, each promise pay !
 In her may all a father's graces shine ;
 And all a mother's charms with those combine.
 Be hers, as theirs, the heart with feeling fraught ;
 The generous impulse by soft pity taught ;
 Each solid gift, each varying power to please ;
 To think with energy, and act with ease ;
 Till full matured they see her virtues rise ;
 And grateful own the wealth that Heaven supplies !
 And when through life, still loving and beloved,
 Your course is run, of Heaven and earth approved,
 By each endearing tie, still dearer grown,
 By steady friends, who worth congenial own,
 Encircled round, late may you quit this scene,
 For realms where love and bliss *immortal* reign.

STANZAS

SENT TO A FRIEND WITH A SILK NETTED PURSE.

Go, friendship's gift, unconscious how thou'rt blest !

Destined to ope at pity's gentle call ;

Pour balmy comfort through the aching breast ;

And dry the tear misfortune taught to fall !

Destined to aid, with still replenished power

Each generous purpose of the noblest heart ;

Bid drooping genius hail life's kinder hour ;

And fostering meed to modest worth impart.

No hoarded treasures, with consuming rust,

Thy silken brightness, rankling, shall destroy ;

But warm benevolence, to thy beauties just,

Its circulating energy employ.

Though in thy mazy texture, twined with art,

We trace no semblance of that faultless mind,

Which knows no narrow bounds, no devious part ;

Where all is open, liberal, unconfined ;

Yet shalt thou mutual yield the kind supply,

When friendship calls, or penury implores :

Teach the glad heart to prompt the speaking eye,

And faltering tongue to bless thy heaven-lent stores.

SANDY'S DREAM.

THE sun, in full meridian blaze,
 His southern altitude had gained ;
 And vertical, with fervid rays,
 In golden pomp resplendent reigned ;
 When Sandy sought a grateful shade,
 Where Ganges' scented groves arise ;
 There screened from day, supinely laid,
 Sleep's balmy pressure closed his eyes.

His heart, with Mary's image fraught,
 Beat high with transports fondly sweet,
 When love, who led each busy thought,
 Now bore him to his Mary's feet.
 Joy beamed in radiance from her eyes,
 Whilst thus her lips that joy convey ;
 In accents soft of fond surprise :
 " My Sandy lives to love and me !"

" Not time in his unceasing round,
 " Whilst Heaven shall vital sense impart ;
 " Not space, though stretched to earth's last bound,
 " Shall tear thee from thy Mary's heart !
 " Not shadows drear, by fear portrayed,
 " Whilst musing fancy dwelt on thee,
 " Shall e'er again my peace invade—
 " My Sandy lives to love and me !"

76 LINES COMPOSED WHILST GOING A JOURNEY.

“ Dear youth ! now freed from all our woes,
“ Does fate lead on that blissful hour,
“ When time nor space shall interpose ;
“ And thou and I shall part no more ?”
A piercing ray his slumbers broke ;
No more of Mary could he see ;
But soft, she to his soul still spoke :
“ My Sandy !—live for love and me !”

LINES

COMPOSED WHILST GOING A JOURNEY ALONE.

ALONE, whilst thus I 'm borne along,
And view remote the social throng ;
Shut out alike, from strife's rude noise,
And converse sweet, and friendship's joys,
Come, memory ! and with wonted powers,
Recall the train of time's lapsed hours.
But smiling come ! with gladsome mien ;
And shed bright lustre o'er the scene ;
Nor point to view that host of ills,
Which life's tempestuous ocean fills ;
Where the sunk rock, and raging storm,
Of shipwrecked hopes wild havoc form ;
Where toiling passions strive in vain,
The port of happiness to gain :

That port, where virtue's steady gale,
Alone, can waft the prosperous sail.

With dark oblivion shadow o'er
Whate'er weak nature must deplore :
Far banished be each throb severe,
Each heart-felt pang, each bitter tear
That e'er my bosom's peace annoyed,
And schemes of blissful hope destroyed.

Benignant, rather lead to where
Heaven's bounty gave the joy sincere ;
When warm affection's genial glow
Bade warm affection mutual flow ;
When nature's ties, or friendship's power,
Or love soft smiling claimed the hour :
When festive mirth unbent the mind,
By wit, and chastening sense refined ;
Or grave discussion raised the thought,
To themes sublime, with wisdom fraught :
When generous worth, with genuine claim,
Called forth the meed of deathless fame ;
Or glorious deeds by Heaven inspired
The awakened soul to transport fired :
When scientific genius threw
Its lights, and glad attention drew ;
Or taste, in beauteous garb attired,
Pure, elegant delight inspired :—
These, memory, trace, with grateful art
And wake to ecstasy my heart.

And now, as memory's colours fade,
 And retrospective views recede,
 Thou, fancy, come, gay, sportive power,
 And future scenes with me explore ;
 Excursive guide through paths unknown,
 By sweetly smiling hope led on :
 But bid the flatterer check her flight ;
 Nor soar too high, nor shine too bright ;
 Lest, dazzled by the alluring ray,
 I stumble, dire misfortune's prey !
 With bounded wishes, calm desires,
 With all that meek-eyed Peace requires,
 Let me, so reason's dictates speak,
 Contentment, and not rapture seek :
 For, sweet content ! from thee alone can rise
 That solid bliss which all life's rocks and storms
 defies !

STANZAS ON A PET BULLFINCH,

WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE FROST.

SWEET warbler ! object of young Harriet's care,
 Whose fostering hand supplies thy daily food ;
 Screens thee from each inclement breath of air,
 And shields thy glossy plumes from talons rude :

When late the snow-clad earth and freezing sky,
To fate consigned thy brothers of the grove,
Thine was awaked attention's watchful eye,
With all the tender offices of love.

Instinctive gratitude then poured the lay;
And glad acknowledgment attuned thy throat :
Accept my feeble song, thou seemd'st to say,
The little tribute of each swelling note !

Ye sons of luxury ! his song attend ;
And, whilst enjoyments court you all around,
From thankful hearts your cheerful tribute send,
And learn, like him, thus guiltless to abound.

But let religion far o'er instinct rise,
And melting charity from her have birth :
And whilst your gratitude ascends the skies,
Relieve your suffering brothers of the earth !

ON HEARING A CHARITY SERMON PREACHED IN
ST. WERBURGH'S CHURCH, DUBLIN.

WHEN Charity, celestial guest !
Descends to bless mankind,
Her dwelling is the good man's breast,
Her throne the feeling mind.

Thence, speaking through the placid eye
 With energy divine,
 She bids each selfish passion fly,
 Each heavenly virtue shine.

Whilst smiles of mild benevolence
 Enforce her sacred laws,
 She points the tongue with eloquence,
 To plead the wretch's cause.

When late her G****s she did employ
 In delegated trust,
 Each outstretched hand, each tear-fraught eye,
 Proclaimed the choice was just.

Whilst thousands bless their preacher's worth,
 Through whom relief was given,
 His life more solid good holds forth—
 It points their way to Heaven!

EPISTLE

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE.

WHILST you, Maria, tread life's mazy way,
 Unknown to guilt, with youthful spirits gay:
 While distant far, you see its outstretched field,
 All decked with flowers, each thorny brake concealed;

Whilst smiling Heaven, to you benignly good
Thus early, has its choicest boon bestowed ;
The tie connubial, formed by mutual love ;
Where hearts responsive its best guardians prove ;
Has given you, in the youth thus near allied,
Through life, a lover, friend, protector, guide ;
A lover, by each tenderest impulse yours ;
A friend, whose worth your best esteem secures ;
A kind protector, whose surrounding arms,
Did Heaven permit, would shield you from all harms ;
A guide, whose judgment clear, with steady ray,
To find the paths of peace will point your way :
With grateful joy the bright perspective view,
Nor, coldly, deem these blessings all your due.
That gracious Power whose judgments are divine,
With rays impartial gives his sun to shine,
Nor points out favoured mortals to mankind,
Unless by virtue, sunshine of the mind !

I know your heart, where native worth resides ;
That sense of duty every action guides ;
That love of sacred truth informs your soul ;
Whilst warmth of feeling animates the whole.
But, dwells perfection in the human mind ?
That gem exempt from flaw how rare to find !
Each latent fault of character to scan,
Be then your task ; nor let the task be vain :
Pursue the search with unremitting care ;
Nor let self-love one cherished foible spare.

“Of tender violations apt to die;
“Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy*.”
Of friendship’s sacred power, so sung the bard :
And wedded friendship, still more sacred, guard.
Let generous candour, then, your conduct guide,
Which owns no narrow laws of selfish pride :
Let open confidence, above disguise,
Dwell on your lips, and speak, ev’n in your eyes.
To obey you have promised; what does that imply?
With gentleness, with kindness, to comply :
To watch each movement of your fellow mind,
With fond preventive care, and love refined.
No servile awe, by abject fear inspired,
The generous nature ever yet required.
Your husband, not your tyrant, but your friend,
Has vowed to love, to cherish, to defend ;
And whilst you thus, to each, on either side,
Your sum of earthly happiness confide,
You’ll find, to love, to sacred honour just,
Your best security, in mutual trust.

Be home the seat of all your real joys :
If lured by Dissipation’s empty noise,
In short excursive wanderings you roam,
Your surest bliss you’ll ever find at home.
There, drest in smiles, let gay good-humour shine;
And Neatness, handmaid of the Graces, join :
There social converse with a chosen few,
Will vary life with pleasures ever new.

* Young’s Night Thoughts.

There blest Religion, too, with brow serene,
And cheering smile, shall consecrate the scene;
And warm Benevolence its aid impart,
To cherish each best impulse of the heart.
In casual ills of life, which all must prove,
Benevolence, Religion, Friendship, Love,
By these alternate comfort shall be given,
But by Religion chief, with ray from Heaven.

Thus rich in happiness, thus amply blest,
What envious demon can disturb your rest?
Not rude contention, baleful foe to bliss;
Nor dark distrust, that judges still amiss:
In polished life that no admission finds;
And this be still the scorn of noble minds!
But more insidious enemies await,
Which warmth of feeling may itself create.
That generous warmth, formed to embellish life,
If wrong directed, may engender strife.
From trifles oft do serious ills arise;
These seen distorted, swelled to giant size,
The brooding mind casts o'er them a false light,
And clouded reason sees, nor acts aright.
Tenacious of opinions lightly formed,
Disputes will rise; when by disputing warmed,
A word, a look may fix the envenomed dart,
Which rankling deeply in the feeling heart,
Converting kind affection into rage,
No cure can reach it; nor no balm assuage.

Even playful contradictions often tend
 To wound the feelings, alienate the friend :
 A jest ill-placed, ill-timed, may pain convey,
 Whole years of kindness scarce shall wear away :
 The shafts of wit, by ridicule applied,
 Scarce delicacy's hand aright can guide ;
 But when rough Humour bends the elastic bow,
 Effects ev'n fatally severe may flow.
 Once past the bounds urbanity has placed,
 We rush on mischief with unheeded haste :
 And all the charming courtesies of life
 Are sacrificed to harsh domestic strife !

But though my picture may have likeness true,
 The original can never point to you.
 Those coarser manners, prompt to offer wrong,
 To vulgar souls alone, can e'er belong :
 Whilst happier natures, feelings more refined,
 The temper calm, the cultivated mind,
 With nice discrimination know to shun
 Those errors by which others are undone.

You, my loved friend, my warm affection sees,
 Thus crowned with virtues, and still blest with ease :
 Sees you fulfil, as mother, friend, and wife,
 All the mild duties of domestic life :
 Sees length of years, a bright and smiling train,
 Lead gently onwards, whilst you glad attain
 That highest bliss on mortal worth bestowed,
 A peaceful conscience, and approving God.

ON THE
DEPARTURE OF THREE FRIENDS
ON AN EXCURSION OF PLEASURE.

YE unseen spirits of the sky,
Who wing the expanse of air,
Round mortals ever watchful fly,
And tend, with guardian care;
At Friendship's call, bid favouring gales
O'er Ocean's bosom sweep;
Propitious fill the swelling sails,
And gently stir the deep:
So waft the *trio*, to my heart,
By fond affection dear,
Safe to that shore for which they part;
O guardian angels, hear!
And whilst, with youthful spirits, they
To Pleasure's shrine advance,
Each gay attractive power display,
That can her charms enhance.
With vivid tints, in magic show,
Bid all her pictures live;
And heighten each by that fine glow
Enthusiasm can give.

But under virtue's sacred guard,
 That virtue they revere,
 Be Pleasure's flowery wreaths prepared;
 Which, then, they glad shall wear.

Let rosy health, and sparkling joy,
 Their every step attend;
 No fears appal, no cares annoy,
 Whom virtue shall befriend!

And whisper in Maria's ear,
 Prophetically true,
 That, for each fond maternal tear,
 The parting moment drew,

Restored to her encircling arms,
 Her beauteous cherub, say,
 By large increase of opening charms,
 Shall amply overpay.

And tell a father's anxious heart,
 That health, and sportive glee,
 To his Eliza shall impart
 Life's firmest energy.

To Harriet bear her friend's warm love;
 Each parent's blessing bear.
 That innocence you must approve,
 Make your peculiar care.

Blest spirits ! Heaven's deputed powers,
Its mercies to dispense ;
With countless blessings crown their hours,
From ills be their defence !

ON THE RAINBOW.

BEHOLD yon bright ethereal bow
With evanescent beauties glow ;
The spacious arch streams through the sky,
Decked with each tint of Nature's die :
Refracted sunbeams through the shower
A humid radiance from it pour ;
Whilst colour into colour fades,
With blended lights, and softening shades.

But soon those gathering clouds shall chase
The beauteous curve, its form deface ;
Absorb each streaming ray of light ;
And hide its glories from our sight.
Thus bright, amidst this vale of tears,
To youth's fond vision, hope appears ;
Wears every grace ; each Iris hue ;
As bright, almost as transient too.
In life's horizon clouds arise,
Beneath whose gloom the flatterer dies :

Or, should we grasp the glittering fair,
 We find her form but painted air.
 So unsubstantial, when attained,
 Are human joys ; so soon to end !

All-gracious Mercy placed you sign ;
 High proof of love, and power divine !
 All-gracious Mercy hope bestows ;
 Sweet antidote to human woes !
 A world by heavenly promise blest,
 Was by the cloud-formed bow exprest ;
 A brighter world hope points to view ;
 There all may find her promise true.

TO JOY.

GLAD impulse of celestial birth !
 Which lifts the enraptured soul from earth ;
 Pure emanation from above ;
 Formed of beatitude and love :
 Which goodness bounteous, power divine,
 As favoured man's best meed assign ;
 When the heart, free from conscious stings,
 To meet the guest elastic springs :
 Such art thou, Joy ! though oft, all lies !
 Pretenders wear thy name and guise.

Not that fell transport conquest yields,
When slaughter heaps ensanguined fields;
Nor that which tyrant despots feel,
Whilst abject crowds applaud and kneel:
Not pageant Pomp's unmeaning glare,
That frequent mask to pining Care;
Nor Dissipation's circling train,
Tumultuous, frivolous, and vain:
Not those (how falsely named!) delights,
Which pampered Luxury excites;
By selfish sensualists enjoyed;
Unhallowed oft, but ever void:
Not that the gamester, mad, attains,
Rapacious still of lawless gains;
Who on one stake had risked his whole;
Wife, children, fortune, friends,—his soul!—
As writhing o'er the changeful board,
From penury to wealth restored:
Not frantic Revelry's excess,
Whilst lengthened orgies thought repress:
Nor aught that passions yield, allied
To vice, or vanity, or pride;
Which agitate, debase, or cloy,
Not fill the soul:—these are not joy!

But that exalted sense of bliss,
A happier world commenced in this,
When, taught on wing sublime to rise,
The soaring spirit seeks the skies;

Sees promised pleasures there displayed,
Too pure to pall ; too true to fade !
Or looking to earth's narrower bound,
Sees glad creation smile around :
Whilst inward Peace, fair Virtue's child,
Diffuses wide her influence mild ;
Gilds Nature's charms with brighter glow ;
Bids mercy's stream expansive flow :
Thence glad derives the bliss sincere,
To wipe away the orphan's tear ;
The widow's heart to joy attune ;
To Misery's prayer accord the boon ;
Lives but to bless, and thence to know
Reflected blessing's kindest glow :
Fruition sweet, without alloy,
Save earth's dull weight—this—this is joy !

Oh, Joy ! if rightly prized thy worth,
How would thy reign extend on earth !
How would man spurn those low pursuits
Which yield, at best, but vapid fruits ;
And starting from life's feverish dream,
Hail thee as, here, his good supreme.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

DIRE foe to bliss ! tyrannic power !

Who, unrelenting still,

With pointed shaft, and torturing skill,

Attend'st life's varying hour.

How dost thou dash our cup of fate,

With dregs engendered by thy hate,

How blast joy's springing flower !

Structures, how fair ! by hope reared high,

And decked all dazzling bright,

By thy fell hands' resistless might

In scattered ruins lie :

And oft when levelled with the ground

Thou call'st Despair to stalk his round,

And comfort's aid deny.

Even soberer Reason's promised good

Thou snatchest ere attained :

And when this triumph thou hast gained,

Thy victim deemest subdued.

But baffled here thy fierce intent ;

For reason linked with calm content,

Repels thy buffets rude.

When love has filled the youthful heart

With dreams of rapturous joy,

There dost thou added art employ

To barb the treacherous dart :
Which plucked by thee with savage force,
From warm Affection's throbbing source,
How deeply keen the smart !

Oft-times, beneath Death's grisly form,
Thou comest, with anguish fraught,
And, in the moment most unthought,
Pourest grief's o'erwhelming storm.
The object lost, than life more dear,
The pang of woe, its gushing tear,
Affection speaks, still warm !

The captive's dungeon, pierced by thee,
Frowns with redoubled gloom.
The wretch whose wasting days consume
In cheerless penury,
Who frequent heaves the sigh unheard,
And sick at heart with hope deferred,
Feels deep thy stern decree.

But taught by thee those ills to bear
By Heaven's high will ordained,
Sweet Mercy's fiat—glad obtained !
Freed from thy rod severe,
The patient sufferer shall dismiss,
To regions of immortal bliss ;
Thou canst not enter there !

A PICTURE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

As Madline and Marian, her daughter, one day,
(Marian lovely, and simple, and blooming, and gay,)
Talked of years that were past, and of years yet to
come ;

And of neighbours about, and of matters at home ;
With reflections so sage Madline seasoned each
sentence,

As shewed her of Wisdom the bosom acquaintance.
With attention most fixed, Marian heard her thus
speak ;

Whilst incredulous smiles often dimpled her cheek.

“ Dear girl, be content in your humbler degree,
Nor envy great folks whom so dashing you see.
All’s not gold that glitters ! could we each feeling
trace,

Sad hearts often pine beneath jewels and lace.

Nay, they can’t enjoy comfort—they’ve got no sweet
homes.

But here and there scamper, just as the freak comes ;
As if from themselves they were anxious to fly :
I believe it’s the case too,—between you and I.

“ The bloom on their cheek ’t is not Nature bestows ;
Health and innocence, only, her bright tints disclose ;
So, to Art they’ve recourse to supply her defects,
And from Nature they stray, in most other respects.

Those scenes fresh and gay which her bounty supplies,
Though to us they bring rapture, seem mean in their
eyes.

They are humbly content, too, with what they call
pleasures :

And to us leave glad cheerfulness, sweetest of
treasures !

“ And then, as for conscience, that monitor blest !
Whose secret approvings bring peace to the breast—
They can know nothing of it, unless it’s the name ;
Or they’d act as its dictates point out, but—for
shame !

To God’s holy commandments they pay no more heed
Than our Tray ! nay, I doubt, if one half know their
Creed !

They go on without thinking how vast the amount
Will against them be brought at the last dread
account.

“ Some exceptions there are ; though, in sooth, very
few.”

(Madline only could paint the small circle she knew.)

“ But when virtue, and wisdom, and beauty combine
To deck rank and riches, the assemblage divine,
Like the sun in its brightness, must gladden each heart ;
And, like that, far and wide, joy and blessing impart.
With reverence, not envy, such characters view ;
Though too humble your sphere the bright track to
pursue.”

THE ELBOW-CHAIR.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, WHO
DESCRIBED THE SCENE ALLUDED TO, AND
WISHED TO HAVE IT VERSIFIED.

As Henry, with enraptured eyes,
On his loved Thea dwelt,
Seemed but to approve what she would prize,
To feel but as she felt;

Nine circling years, I musing said,
Has flowed their wedded life;
Yet passion still thus undecayed,
Still thus adored the wife!

How rare an instance here shines forth
Of fond connubial love!
It volumes speaks for Henry's worth;
Lifts him all praise above.

Yet, no; those charms of form and face
May well bid passion live;
Each virtue of her mind to trace
Still new delight must give.

Besides all this, their angel boy
Cements the sacred bond;
Formed to promote their mutual joy;
Pledge of affection fond!

Feeling, e'en pardonable pride,
Must strengthen his thus dear.
No, Henry may have worth beside,
But has no merit here.

I wished to give him back the praise,
Domestic virtues claim ;
When passion nor self-love can raise
No bar to check their aim.

Whilst thus the passing scene around
With interest I eyed,
By proof convincing soon I found,
Henry *had* worth beside.

Slight traits, e'en trifles light as air,
True character may shew;
The story of an elbow-chair,
Contemn not, then, as low.

Unconsciously, in one of these,
Placed at the social board,
Henry, a while, sat at his ease,
Nor had around explored.

A parent with high virtues graced,
Whom, justly, he revered,
Who less commodiously was placed,
At length caught his regard.

He started, and, with duteous care,
Apologized, entreated,
That in the better, easier chair,
He should, as fit, be seated.

"Henry *has* worth, has feeling true!"
I mentally exclaimed;
"My whole esteem is but his due :
And be his praise far-famed !"

I turned, and my applause exprest,
To one, of sense refined ;
Who, equally with these, possest
Each excellence of mind.

Maternal pleasure marked her smile,
As gracefully she bowed,
To thank me for what, yet the while,
Ev'n malice had allowed.

A HEROIC EPISTLE TO MISS B****E.

WITH NOTES EXPLANATORY, ILLUSTRATIVE,
CRITICAL, &c. &c. &c.

YOUR grand rout, my dear K***, your far-famed
fête-champêtre,

Should, I hold it but fit, be recorded in metre :

But, to soar in sublime, since I ne'er can aspire,

My more humble attempt *I expect you'll admire.*

From Gran's * lively description, I see the whole
scene,

And you in the midst, as its genius and queen ;

Led on by the Graces, in their sweet smiles arrayed ;

With Taste as your handmaid, each spot to pervade.

Père et mère stood aloof, with encouraging smile ;

And joyed to behold your arrangements, the while :

Whilst William, all action, with hands, head, and
heart,

And your lovely Edwina, each for you bore a part.

"But Gran was not there:" you exclaim with
surprise.

N'importe; for the mind, like the head, has its eyes.

We are told so by Shakespeare ; and he, 't is agreed,

Was up to all that. This point fixed, I proceed.

Now, these eyes of the mind, if I right understand,

Can see at a distance, as if close at hand ;

* A fondling appellation generally given by the young
lady to her grandmother.

So, with these magic optics, and fancy's kind aid,
 Gran caught the full view which to me she portrayed;
 And my Muse quite *au fait* of the subject in question,
 Thus pursues the detail, from the *foresaid* suggestion.

One eve in July, eighteen hundred and five,
 At R—st—nh—e sundry guests did arrive;
 Beaux, belles; lords and ladies; young, mid-aged,
 and old :

For, who to be gay their assent could withhold,
 When called on by Pleasure, that power so bland?
 Who, her choicest enjoyments, with unsparing hand,
 That day to a favourite nymph did consign;
 A nymph, who, 't is true, had oft bowed at her shrine;
 But, who, 'midst all her lures, though (*aside*) but
 seldom withstood,
 Had never lost sight of what's wise and what's good.
 Well. These guests all came crowding through the
 wide-opened gates

In coaches, barouches, landaus, landaulets;
 But the fine *coup d'œil* which there met their view,
 The enchantments of fairy-land far did outdo.
 Lamps by Taste herself ranged, cast a light all around,
 To which oxygen gas* flame is darkness profound :

* Oxygen gas, when set on fire, gives the brightest light
 in the world except the sun. What a grand illumination
 will the first metropolis existing exhibit, when its millions
 of lamps are thus lighted !

For Apollo, himself, though he tempered the blaze,
 Had lent them his radiance, and pointed the rays :
 Whilst Flora came forward, with all her gay bloom,
 Each beautiful tint, each delicious perfume,
 And flung o'er the whole such a sweet sylvan grace,
 That to Eden alone, the fair scene might yield place.
 Through the lawns and the woods which the man-
 sion surround,
 Music breathed its sweet strains in still varying sound;
 Now martial, now dulcet; sonorous and soft;
 And "the prisoned soul lapped in Elysium," full oft.
 Echo caught the glad notes as they broke on the air;
 And with vibrating harmony bore them afar:
 Whilst nymphs, fauns, and dryads*, in throngs, though
 unseen,
 By a magic effect still more gladdened the scene.
 Now hours, which seemed minutes, so swiftly they
 flew,
 Winged by converse delightful; pleasures varied and
 new;
 Led on that, when the banquet awaited to crown
 The evening's enjoyments thus dispensed by Miss
 B****e.
 Hospitality spread the decked board with profusion;
 But guided by elegance, foe to confusion.

* As these nymphs, fauns, &c. were *Irish personages*,
 it is the less to be wondered at that they should add *charm*
 to a scene where they did not appear.

Whilst the nymph who presided lent it charms more
refined,

With manners so polished, attentions so kind.

Here the gay festive scene to display might seem fit;

The flashes of merriment, sallies of wit;

But 'mongst bon mots unceasing, how hard 't were
to choose;

And the whole to repeat, how unequal my Muse!

She can tell how the beaux and belles flirted and
laughed;

How the lords and the commoners bright nectar
quaffed:

For ambrosia and nectar were there in full store;

Though of earthly refreshments the semblance they
bore.

Smoking soups, nice roast ducks and pease, ices and
fruit,

With confections unnumbered; wine and beer, too,
to boot;

Mere vulgar perceptions might deem these in fact
there:

The assembly knew better—all ambrosia and nectar!

Fresh morn, unperceived, had been long stealing on;
But her broader beams now, warned the guests to be
gone.

So all went as they came; whilst the coaches, and
chaises,

Save where envy crept in, were filled with the praises

102 ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Of their charming young hostess ; her talents, her
graces,
Her fine sense, her fine taste, her fine breeding each
traces.
All wished she'd give fêtes, and invite them, each
week ;
For one more *comme il faut*, they might go far to
seek.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WIDOWED, OLD, AND POOR.

OLD and infirm, forlorn and poor,
No friend to watch her parting breath ;
In cheerless want's retreat obscure,
That widowed matron sinks in death.
Yet haply, once youth's mantling glow
O'erspread her cheek with beauty's dye ;
The diamond's glance but faint might shew
The lustre of her speaking eye.
Haply that clay-cold form, where late
Decrepitude each nerve unstrung,
With symmetry and grace replete
Once formed the theme of Rapture's tongue.

Fond parents might have blest their child
As given their earthly joys to crown:
False Fortune on her birth have smiled,
More deep to mark her future frown.

And Fortune's fascinating glare
Doubtless each venal flatterer drew
Around her path, whose path, with care,
When old, infirm, and poor, all flew.

In wedded love's supremest bliss
Haply her prime of years, too, rolled ;
Yet all now terminates in this !
All over,—as “ a tale when told ! ”

Turn here, ye thoughtless, young, and fair ;
Behold the wreck that Time has made !
His ravages no form shall spare ;
As hers, your every charm shall fade.

Yet, deem not, therefore, Time your foe ;
Improve each precious hour he lends ;
So, at life's close, you peace shall know ;
Glad hail him as your best of friends.

SONNETS.

SONNET THE FIRST.

TO FANCY.

HAIL, visionary power ! whose magic spells
 Can deck with charms the sterile mountain's brow ;
 Give lovelier bloom to every bud that swells ;
 And wave with added grace each pendant bough !

 Bland power ! whose vivid pencil's touch unfolds
 A new creation to thy votary's sight,
 Flings radiance o'er each scene he, rapt, beholds,
 More lustrous ev'n than beams of orient light !

 Yet transient, futile are thy charms ; nor sooth
 To peace the earth-born ills that wring the heart.
 Thou canst not whisper hope, Grief's pillow smooth :
 Thou dost illusive, not true joys impart.

 Then, visionary power ! affliction fly !
 Its solid comfort beams refulgent from on high !

SONNET THE SECOND.

TO THE RISING SUN.

THOU radiant orb ! whose rising beams call forth
The sleeping landscape, rich with pearly dew ;
Thou, life, and warmth, and gladness dost diffuse !
Yet, not alike to all the sons of earth.

The attendant hours that shape this day thy course,
Ah ! with events how different shall they teem !
How many souls exalt to bliss supreme !
How many victims whelm beyond resource !

Bright orb ! ere thou hast brought another dawn,
Youth, beauty, splendour, power shall glut the grave.
Whilst Heaven shall stretch a gracious hand, to save
Millions forlorn, who deemed its aid withdrawn !

Thy piercing eye, in either hemisphere,
Fell deeds shall view ; gild virtue's bright career !

SONNET THE THIRD.

TO AN INFANT GODSON.

UNCONSCIOUS being ! whose yet vacant mind
Nor virtue knows to prize, nor vice to scorn ;
Ah ! to what future conflicts art thou born,
When each shall woo thee, her delights to find !

Impetuous passions, if unchecked in youth,
May hurl thee rapid to Destruction's goal ;
Or, waked to happier energies, thy soul,
By wisdom led, may tread the paths of truth.

Each mental power, each intellectual gem,
By education polished, or defaced,
May shew thee with resplendent lustre graced ;
Or dimmed, distorted, give thee o'er to shame !

Sweet innocent ! oh ! be it thine to rise,
By virtues which, on earth, shall train thee for the
skies !

Virtus rosa suavior, sole clarior.

Virtue is sweeter than the rose, and brighter than the sun.

Motto to the Arms of the Skipp Family.

SEE Nature's loveliest blooming flower,
 Whose balmy sweets perfume the air ;
 Pride of gay summer's proudest hour ;
 Can aught, for scent, with that compare?

Yes ; virtue, sweeter than the rose,
 Does fragrance far more rich dispense :
 More soul-exalting bliss bestows ;
 Greets with more joy the raptured sense.

Behold the golden orb of day,
 To numerous worlds diffusing light ;
 Yet still with undiminished ray :
 Is aught so gloriously bright ?

Yes ; virtue brighter than the sun,
 More hallowed influence beams around ;
 Points out, with happier aim to shun
 Of darkness the abyss profound.

The flowers that from its essence spring,
 Fear not Life's roughest wintry gale ;
 'Midst wreck of worlds it light shall fling,
 When light of suns and stars shall fail.

THE RING.

A TRIBUTE due at Friendship's shrine,
Penelope late wished to pay ;
But, in effecting her design,
A wondrous bar impedes the way.

Decided, prompt, in other things,
Sound judgment was her steady guide ;
But, 'mongst unnumbered brilliant rings,
How cull one meet for friendship tried ?

In grand display, to charm her sight,
Each lapidary spreads his store ;
Whilst each extols, with fond delight,
The sparkling gem, the polished ore.

Golconda and Peru's rich mines,
And eastern seas, their treasures send :
Their native charms each aid refines
Enlightened industry can lend :

By skilful workmanship, each shone
A monument of finished art :
All forms assumed each precious stone,
That tasteful genius could impart.

Corinthian, and Sicilian shells,
 Indented, mimic forms display.
On these, though fine, she slightly dwells ;
 The passing fancy of the day.

Contrasted with the diamond's blaze,
 Appeared the simply beauteous pearl :
Such varied worth the world displays,
 Exclaims the moralizing girl.

Yet still, no emblem could she find
 That amity might apt portray ;
Which to her friend the pledge assigned,
 Might tell that hers felt no decay.

At length, selecting an antique,
 That, like true friendship, time defies,
" 'Tis past all price ! 't is a unique,"
 The proud possessor boasting cries.

With classic eloquence he praised
 The stone's rare texture, the device ;
" 'Tis Sappho's bust, on onyx raised,
 In fine intaglio, past all price !"

The smiling nymph received, well pleased,
 The Lesbian maid's profile thus traced ;
And Sappho's bust on onyx raised,
 Of manly worth the finger graced.

STANZAS,

ON READING AN AFFECTING RECITAL OF SOME
DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

INGRATITUDE ! thou bané of social life !

Most hateful fiend that walks the peopled earth !
Without remorse, engendering mortal strife ;
And glorying in the woes that thence have birth.

Can natures claiming origin divine,

Thus act ? thus feel, from benefits received ?
Yes ; read here, stamped on each soul-breathing line,
What from conviction sole, can be believed.

Ye who e'er felt a mother's tender cares ;

By filial love, have had those cares repaid ;
Tasted each joy which fond affection shares,
When mutual worth gives mutual feelings aid.

You best can know, when forcefully are rent

The native ties that twine around the heart,
The pangs that with unerring aim are sent,
To pierce, to lacerate its tenderest part.

Is meddling malice, then, with power endued,

Ev'n to pervert fair Virtue's manly grace ?
By almost ruffian wrongs, by insults rude,
Each duteous kind attention to displace ?

Deep artifice alone, could wound the calm
Which sweet domestic confidence must feel.
Oh! may the gentle sufferer find a balm,
By pitying Heaven dispensed those wounds to heal!

SACRED PIECES.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

A SKETCH.

Oh! for a pen sublimed to loftiest strains!
Dipped in the effulgent fount of Heaven! to trace
In characters soul-kindling as the theme,
The all-gracious wonders of celestial love!
The people who, in gentile darkness bound,
Encompassed round with death's drear shadow, sat;
Who trod the gloomy regions of the grave;
On them the light has risen! the glorious light!
Which far illumes the mansions of the blest!
To sin-polluted man, from age to age,
The lamp of hope, lighted by hallowed fire,
Fed by the breath of Heaven, sent forth a ray
To lighten and to cheer. But, in time's fulness,
Hear, all ye nations! hear, each distant land!

Hear the glad tidings to our world proclaimed !
Borne by sweet choiring angels through the sky !
“ Glory to God on high ! Peace upon earth !
“ Good-will to man ! ” in joyful strains they sung.
Heaven’s glorious kingdom was at hand. Lo ! life
And immortality brought full to light !

Concealed beneath the veil of human flesh,
God’s boundless love, God’s wisdom, God’s blest Son !
Walked this Heaven-favoured earth ; dispensing round
His Gospel’s meek, yet all-exalted lore !
Then, laying down that life for us assumed,
By impious hands precipitated, saw
Death’s dark domain. Thence rising the third day,
He oped the gates of everlasting life
To all whom faith and penitence conduct,
Through wisdom’s narrow path to find their entrance ;
Led captive the dread tyrant of the tomb ;
Disarmed him of his sting ; his terrors quelled,
For all whom holy love and zeal inspire :
Bruised the fell serpent’s head ; discomfited
Hell’s dark designs ; the powers of darkness crushed,
Nor suffered their deep vengeful ire to wreak
On those whose pious trust seek Christ as refuge.

His suffering followers these glad truths attested.
His loved Apostles, his disciples, all
Who by his Holy Spirit sanctified,
Elate, bore record to his works, and word,
Encountered persecution’s deadliest rage

With dauntless firmness; with proud exultation
Sealing the truths they taught with martyr's blood.

Ev'n timid virgins soared beyond their sex !
And emulous to wear the martyr's crown,
Braved keenest tortures in the sacred cause !
Welcomed death's stroke 'midst aggravated pangs
With songs of triumph, and with smiles of joy.
Oh ! let not, then, our tears profane their ashes !
Shall they not, wafted to the realms of bliss
Ineffable, enjoy their bright reward ?
There where all tears are wiped from every eye,
Hymn, rapturous, their Great Creator's praise !
Their crucified, triumphant Saviour's love !
Beyond time's date ; through Heaven's eternal day !

And oh ! let us, who His salvation share,
Look upward with the eye of faith; and grasp,
With hands well washed in innocence, the prize
Of the high calling of eternal life !
Oh ! let us tread His courts with songs of joy !
Does he not claim all worship; honour, praise
From, whom His love redeemed, His grace enlightens;
His mercy, greater ev'n than our guilt, shall spare ?

HYMN THE FIRST.

WHILST morning breathes her sweets around,
And earth's fresh charms from darkness break ;
Shall I, O God ! the last be found
To bless Thy works, Thy bounties speak ?

Accept the incense of my heart,
Accept the feeble song I raise !
Too dully feeble to impart
The impulse glad that throbs Thy praise !

Amidst the radiant beams of noon,
When the blest sun proclaims Thy power,
Shall I with coldness greet each boon,
Attendant on his noon-tide hour ?

Shall ripening harvests, glowing mines,
With all earth's richest gifts, called forth,
Whilst the bright orb prolific shines,
Unnoted pass ; unfelt their worth ?

When eve's soft shades these scenes invest,
And day's resplendent pomp is o'er,
Save the last rays that gild the west,
Which soon to us shall shine no more ;

By contemplation soothed to peace,
Let my rapt soul ascend on high,
There mark celestial light's decrease
Progressive through the vaulted sky ;

Whilst night's thick curtain o'er this ball
Steals gradual on, as eve retires ;
Majestic, studded o'er with all
Her train of planetary fires ;

Bright constellations, sounding spheres,
Whose sweet accords harmonious tell,
What through all nature's frame appears,
That might and wisdom with Thee dwell !

Whilst Thy grand scheme I thus pursue,
Thy wonders wide displayed explore,
Oh ! let me pour the homage due !
With awe-felt, grateful love adore !

HYMN THE SECOND.

MY God, my Saviour, and—my Friend !
With awe that tender name I breathe !
Wilt Thou, Supreme ! so far descend,
To one ev'n mercy's claims beneath ?

Heir of corruption, child of wrath ;
By nature to each error prone :
Thy saving grace, it is, that hath
Sole power those errors to atone :

Sole power to raise this earth-bound soul
Above earth's pains ; its joys above :
To fix her hopes ; her fears control,
By mercies of redeeming love !

Thou diedst to save each guilt-stained wretch !
Thou livest to plead his cause on high.
The arms of mercy wilt Thou stretch,
When judgment calls, his cause to try.

Firm holy faith, true penitence,
(Thyself—and Thou art truth!—hast said,
Shall expiate each, *ev'n deep* offence,)
May of thy sufferings claim the aid !

Oh ! let Thy Holy Spirit speak
Peace to this trembling heart ! whilst I,
Thy face, thus lowly bending, seek ;
And on Thy merits, sole, rely !

TRANSLATIONS.

THE RURAL SAGE:

FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. L'ABBÉ DE LILLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is a translation of part of the first canto of "L'Homme des Champs, ou les Georgiques Françaises," by M. Jaques de Lille, begun some time after the first appearance of the original of that work, with a view to publication. But the translator, when she had proceeded so far, finding she had been anticipated, and that the whole of that poem, done into English, was about to be given to the public, desisted from her undertaking.

That other translation she has never yet seen. She entertains not a doubt that it is infinitely superior to what hers would have been; and feels that she is exposing herself to, perhaps, a very degrading, and mortifying comparison, by venturing to send this fragment to the press. Should any of the lines in the two translations be found similar, which might chance to be the case where the same thought is to be rendered, she cannot, however, be accused of plagiarism; as (she repeats the declaration) she has never read any part of the poem, except in the original.

THE RURAL SAGE.

WITH dictatorial precepts, Boileau sought
To check the flights of verse ; set bounds to thought :
The Mantuan bard, in sweet harmonious strains,
Taught useful culture to the labouring swains :
My song would emulate his nobler lay ;
But spurns, of critic laws the tyrant sway.
Can joys, such joys as rural beauties yield,
Profusely spread o'er every smiling field,
Be taught by art ? No, Nature is my theme ;
To paint her genuine charms, my wish supreme :
Lead willing mortals her delights to prove :
She needs but to be shewn to win their love.

Inspire me, then, sweet haunts, calm blest retreats !
Where life's pure current no rude tempest meets ;
Where hearts at peace, remorse can ne'er pursue :
For, who love sylvan scenes love virtue too !
Life's real riches now employ my verse,
Life's real pleasures, those I would rehearse :
The exquisite delights which from them flow,
But few can relish ; few their value know.
Voluptuaries ! 't is not the joys of sense,
'T is purity of soul, 't is innocence

Must give that zest, without whose magic power,
Enjoyments pall, disgust pervades each hour !
But, let not declamation harsh, recall
Of pomp and luxury the mighty fall ;
Nor useless strictures aggravate the woe
Of our Luculluses,—no longer so !—
Poor wanderers now !—whilst, here, extremes succeed—

Our reformation has gone far, indeed !—
But not to France my subject is confined ;
It suits all times, all places, all mankind.

Ye who 'midst rural scenes true bliss would know,
Would taste, unmixed, the joys which they bestow,
To sylvan deities—sweet sacrifice !
Let incense pure, from hearts as pure, arise.

Degenerate heir of ancestors revered
For simple virtues, to home scenes endeared,
That sensualist behold, with all things cloyed ;
His heart all apathy, his mind a void.
By unrestrained indulgence, and excess
Each passion palled, nought now has power to bless.
In vain expense he lavishes that wealth
Which gives, nor happiness, respect, nor health !
When, risen from Luxury's couch, he looks around,
In listless languor, weariness profound,
He cries, " I hate the town !—My parks and fields,
'T is only there life any pleasure yields :
Quick, fly—prepare—" He mounts ; his rapid wheels
Awhile suspend the lassitude he feels :

But, at his gates arrived, it meets him there :
Earth's loveliest scenes to him no beauties wear :
His gardens, pleasure-grounds, he wanders o'er ;
That rising temple views ; this pinery's store.
But soon disgusted, back returns, in haste,
To trace that circle he so oft has traced ;
And trying what he oft has tried, anew,
At Gluck's grand opera, *yawns* his evening through.

Thus changing still, each object meets his frown ;
His fields he rails at, execrates the town :
But 't is his heart deserves that angry lout :
A vase impure turns sweetest liquors sour.

From ostentatious Pomp's unmeaning noise
How far removed pure Nature's simple joys !
Pride courts vain Grandeur ; that engenders Spleen ;
Who spreads her sickly tints o'er each bright scene.
Such is frail man ; his bents unnatural,
Corrupt, pervert, distort, embitter all.
His splendid city palaces to grace,
That fiend Ennui by any means to chase,
Let waving foliage freshness round diffuse ;
Let fragrance breathe from flowers of varied hues ;
Let verdant carpets, rolled with nicest care,
Relieve the eye from Pageantry's false glare.
Well pleased I see great Nature thus reclaim
Her rights, usurped by Art, insidious dame !
Well pleased I see kings, nobles, all, combine
To pay this homage at her sacred shrine.

But, 'midst her shades, where peace should sole preside,
Behold each wealth-swoln Cræsus, with weak pride,
Transport the town's loud follies ; each excess ;
Refinements false, in equipage, in dress :
And, whilst his pampered menials numerous wait,
The village worldling eats, drinks, sleeps in state.

With pity these I view : but still behold,
With deeper pity, the adventurer bold,
Who, lured by those false joys ambition yields,
Quits his paternal seat, his native fields,
'To tread the world's wide stage ; there vainly waste
His fair inheritance on hopes ill-placed ;
With incense hail the great man of the hour,
Besiege his dwelling, and invoke his power ;
Happy if, by some kind propitious chance,
He deign to cast on him a passing glance.
Or, should a placeman whisper in his ear
Some simple nothing, straight you see appear
His rising vanity ; which thence assumes
Fictitious credit ; struts in borrowed plumes.
But, taught by disappointment's pungent smart,
Less haughty feelings swell his sickened heart :
Returning to his solitude, once more
His vine to dress, to reap his harvest's store,
He finds the humble hamlet's bliss serene,
Surpasses far the intriguing Paris scene.

And ye who of court struggles brave the storms,
How sweet the contrast which the country forms !

But there you seldom come: your castles, trees—
As stranger guests you sometimes visit these ;
From Tumult's din to gain a short recess,
But soon forsaking, leave them tenantless.
How will you, one day, mourn this error vain !
Your flatterers fall off : your trees remain,
More steady friends ; who, what they promise, pay ;
Their shades more worth than Favour's brightest ray.
Learn timely, then, what price to these belongs ;
Withdrawing oft from life's fantastic throngs,
'Midst whom, a solitude *the heart* surrounds,
Adorn your gardens, cultivate your grounds ;
From court and city projects breathe awhile,
To view a paradise around you smile :
And, though you may not, with the sage's eye,
Behold the varied charms those scenes supply,
Your vanity itself will soon suffice,
The works you have performed to make you prize.

I grant, our rural leisure hours to fill,
Retreats the loveliest may want something still.
To social pleasures I would place no bar :
Come : let us choose. But first, be banished far
Melpomene and Thalia's mimic scenes :
Not that their comic mirth, or weeping queens,
In Grandeur's stately domes unfit I deem :
Those pompous shows their pomp may well beseeem.
But there, where Nature holds her sylvan reign,
Let not the guileless heart be taught to feign.

Theatric plots and flights but ill agree
With genuine pastoral simplicity.
Those turbulent amusements put to flight
True gaiety, and sweet home-felt delight.
Where arts of cities come, oft, in their train,
Come noisy follies, competitions vain.
'Midst the enthusiasm of buskined pride,
Decorous manners, too, are laid aside;
And the too rapturous scenes the bard devised,
In the boudoir are sometimes realized.
Then, too, weak Vanity is all in arms ;
Fierce Rivalry gives birth to dread alarms ;
And, who shall fill the youthful heroine's part,
The prince's, lover's, agitates each heart.
The troop, their mutual hatred, spleen, caprice,
Might well supply the subject of the piece.
Meanwhile are sacrificed to aims like this,
Life's precious hours ; its calm domestic bliss.
In Dissipation's whirl tumultuous tost,
Each duty is forgot, each feeling lost.
The real father's part left unfulfilled,
That, in the assumed, he shew more ably skilled.
See Merope feigned tenderness express ;
Yet, her own offspring share no fond caress.
Lo ! man turns mimic : a buffoon the sage :
Nero, Rome's bloody tyrant, trod the stage.
Whate'er transgresses Nature's boundaries just,
Degrades our being, and creates disgust.

To Molé then, his every motion grace,
That finished actor, leave his well-filled place,
Paris to charm. Let, in this task, agree
Those favourite artists, Sainval and Fleuris.
Their duty is to charm. Be yours the part,
To win esteem from all ; from your own heart.
Be, then, the rural sage ; devote your time
To Nature's study ; yours, a part sublime.

And Nature's charms, how touching, how refined,
To eyes observant, and the feeling mind !
Insensible those hearts whose languid powers
Can pass unmarked, her landscapes, seasons, hours !
The vulgar view them with instinctive joy :
The sage discriminates ; can well employ
A nicer sense, to catch each fleeting grace
That marks the varying features of her face :
Can prize the new-born sweets her scenes display,
Nor less admire those verging to decay.
The soul flies forth to welcome objects new ;
On those departing, dwells with fondness too ;
Would still retain the fugitives ; their state
Lends a mild charm it loves to contemplate.
Contrasted beauties call forth equal praise.
Aurora breathing fresh, with saffron rays,
Waking the flowers, which, at her touch, assume
Each loveliest tint, each exquisite perfume,
And day's bright orb, descending from our sight,
Are both, though different, objects of delight.

Oft, Homer, resting from war's fierce alarms,
Paints rosy-fingered morn, with softest charms :
Martial and sweet by turns, his varied strain.
Oft too, the brilliant, interesting Loraine,
With chastened pencil, and in tints less bright,
Gilds shadowy clouds with evening's setting light.

To the year's circling course attention pay :
The year too has its morn, as has the day.
Ah ! hapless they who lose the opening bloom !
The butterfly just burst from his dark tomb,
Who o'er the blushing fruits, the flowers new-blown,
Sports joyous, decked with charms bright as their own,
Feels less the genial life that spreads his wing,
Than does the sage the sweet return of spring !
Adieu, then, cumbrous screens which fenced us round ;
And, dusty books, farewell your lore profound !
Nature's great book, the fields, with science stored,
Lies open spread, and be its page explored !
Come, let us haste the beauteous scenes to trace ;
And may my song, from each, catch some new grace !

If Nature's vernal bloom with joy we greet,
Her fading charms, too, yield sensations sweet.
Autumn's discoloured woods, suns mildly clear,
Impress the soul with interest, sad, yet dear.
Spring through the frame a sportive gladness spreads ;
Autumn a tender melancholy sheds.
Earth's renovated beauties joys afford,
Like a kind friend we mourned as dead, restored.

Ecstatic transports hail the glad return :
Earth's drooping scenes inspire a sweet concern ;
Like friends prepared to quit us, whom we view,
With added interest, whilst we bid adieu ;
Dwell on their lingering steps with softened heart ;
And find regret itself a charm impart.

Refulgent summer ! oh, excuse the lay
Which fails thy rightful meed of praise to pay !
Thy splendours I admire ; yet each keen sense
Shrinks from thy dazzling rays, thy heats intense.
When, like young spring, light clouds adorn thy face ;
Or thou from Autumn stealest a matron grace,
Thy softened radiance, then, the eye delights.
But ah ! why yet unsung thy balmy nights ?
If Nature throb beneath thy noontide fires,
Thy night's cool freshness tranquil bliss inspires.
If day's bright pomp fatigue the aching sight,
Night's modest planet sheds a soothing light,
As o'er the dewy vale it sweetly steals,
The verdant hill's soft swell to view reveals,
Breaks through the umbrageous wood with partial
gleam,

Or twinkling trembles in the winding stream.

I own, when Winter takes his turn to reign,
For populous cities I would change the scene.
There, the skilled pencil's art, Music's sweet strains,
Recall the charms, now fled, of woods and plains.
I look, I listen, recollect, compare,
With Nature's loveliest scenes those portraits fair.

Yet, should bleak Winter's desolated fields
Retain my steps, ev'n there the season yields
Appropriate beauties ; there, all dazzling white,
Bright hoar-frosts glitter to morn's tardy light :
Whilst from the o'erhanging rock, or leafless spray,
The pendant icicles their ranks display ;
Fantastic, lustrous, of cerulean hue ;
Their varied forms attract my passing view.
But should relenting skies emit a beam,
Soft, soothing, genial, mild, like those which stream
Through Spring's soft ether, straight my gladdened
heart

Owens the kind influence its charms impart.
Like a sweet smile 'midst Sorrow's tender tears,
On Nature's mourning face the gleam appears.
How far more prized the transitory ray,
Than those which gild the longest, brightest day !
And should a precious vestige meet my sight,
Of verdure fresh, in rigorous Winter's spite,
Remembrance sweet, hope, fonder, sweeter, still,
With mingled ecstasies my bosom fill :
My thoughts to past gay vernal scenes now roam ;
Now dwell enraptured on those yet to come.

But, dark clouds threaten : well ! the cheerful
blaze,
The social circle this saloon displays :
In its warm shelter seated, I defy
The northern blast that howls along the sky :

Whilst o'er the scene enlightened taste presides ;
And means to charm the evening hours provides.
Amusements various now take place around ;
The dice-box yonder shook, with rattling sound,
Proclaims two players ready to commence
That complicated game, in whose events
The equal poize which skill and chance maintain,
Call forth, yet render calculation vain.
The tables spread, the points arranged with care,
The colours chosen, both for fight prepare,
With eager eyes, hearts now with hope elate ;
Now checked by fear, accusing adverse fate.
Alternate, either fly, pursue, o'ertake ;
And black and white, by turns, reprisals make.
The dice now from their noisy prison thrown
With force, bound, twirl, then stop ; the number
known,
Decides the contest. Here, absorbed in thought,
O'er that grave lore which Palimede has taught,
A couple sit, as candidates for fame,
Enthusiasts in the scientific game.
With warmth, not animosity they glow ;
Those equal squares their field of battle shew ;
These troops of ebony, of ivory those,
A hundred skilful stratagems oppose,
Led on by wary generals. So far,
The rival hosts with equal fortune war.

At length the fatal check is given ; the proud,
The happy victor, rising, boasts aloud.
The vanquished, mute, with wonder and regret,
Sees but too plainly now, the horrid mate ;
Long time surveys the ground, intent to trace
The direful move, that led to this disgrace.
Grave dowagers here war, at piquet, wage ;
Great uncles lotto, grandsires whist engage :
Whilst, on that spacious table spread with green,
A younger group contend with ardour keen.
The ivory globes, propelled with dexterous aim,
Into the pockets drop. But cease the game ;
For lo ! the festive board announced, when all
Forego their sportive strifes to attend the call.
The inspiring flask convivial converse aids,
As its delicious nectar round it sheds :
And as its light cork flies, so, mounting high,
Gay, sparkling wit, and repartee too fly.
Again dispersed, all read, as tastes direct ;
Dwell o'er Racine, or from Voltaire select.
Sometimes a good romance may yield delight :
Alas ! and sometimes too, a wretched wight,
An author ! forth a treacherous paper draws :
He reads ; his drowsy audience yawn applause ;
Or lulled by the too soporific charm,
One sleeps profound : if chance, to strains more warm,
The hands loud plaudits ring, waked with a bound,
He stupid gazes, whilst the laugh goes round.

Again the melancholy task renewed ;

A sonnet, a love tale, the whole conclude.

All, from to-morrow's scenes, like joys portend ;

And, true to promise, gayest joys attend.

Thus, ev'n drear Winter's scenes delights allow :

No longer he, the god of gloomy brow,

Friend to despondence, but the cheerful sage,

Whose hoary locks give gladness, love engage.

'T is true, the youthful season holds to view

Pleasures more varied ; joys more vivid too ;

Less tranquil, more heart-felt ; ah ! when those bloom,

Who, in dull play his leisure would consume ?

Cheat his sweet hopes of scenes thus high prepared,

To place them on a gaudy painted card ?

Man would have pleasures, but their pure delights

Depend on health ; this exercise invites.

To winter, then, and cities leave pursuits

Whose dull monotony dull languor suits :

Games, which from spleen lead on to avarice ;

Place joy in tumult ; pleasure in a vice !

Far hence these glooms ! the waves, the woods, the air,

Amusements innocently gay, prepare :

The forest's war, the plunder of the flood,

Invigorate health, and banish lassitude.

O Muse ! of wandering nymphs companion sweet !

Who knowest of sylvans every green retreat,

Teach me to wind their desert paths along :

The fields already have enriched my song.

Beneath those willows pendent o'er the wave,
Whose tufted foliage its cool waters lave,
The patient angler takes his silent post ;
His far-thrown line with tremulous motion tost.
In thoughtful attitude recumbent bent,
He watches, with fixed eyes, and mind intent,
And glad, at length perceives, his hopes to crown,
His float immersed, his pliant rod bent down.
What young, imprudent victim now has dared
To seize the fatal hook, with guile prepared ?
Is it the agile trout that writhing dies ?
Or silvery eel, bent round in numerous plies ?
The gilded carp ? the perch with scarlet fins ?
Or glutton pike, who watery nations thins ?

Against the winged inhabitants of air
Do we a temporary war declare ?
The sportsman armed walks forth ; now, pointed high,
His tube he levels with his guiding eye.
He draws ; its lightnings flash, its thunders sound—
What death-struck birds there tumbling reach the
ground ?

The plaintive lapwing, wandering o'er the heath,
The murderous hail has now deprived of breath.
And thou, young lark, sweet songstress of the sky !
With carol sweet no more thou'lt mount on high.

But why thus glory in these coward spoils,
These fruitless triumphs, these untrophied toils ?
O Muse ! who oft, with voice all melting sweet,
Couldst pity for the woodland choir entreat,

Ah! let that voice high-raised, to death consign
Him whose defeat a sylvan wreath may twine :
Foe to the waving harvest's golden store ;
Foe to our flocks ; our flocks thy song implore !

But hark ! I hear the horn's inspiring sound ;
I see the impatient courser paw the ground ;
He champs the bit, indignant feels the rein ;
Whilst generous ardour throbs in every vein.
The trembling stag appalled, whilst yet from far
He hears the clamorous rout, the threatened war,
Long hesitates, in doubt which part to embrace,
Flight or resistance. Shall he rapid trace
Paths far remote, shades that far distant wave,
Or with intrepid front the danger brave ?
On which for safety may he best rely,
His feet's winged speed, or antlers threatening high ?
At length his fears prevail ; he bounds, he flies !
And soon leaves far behind war's deafening cries.

And now, freed from restraint, the impatient steed
Starts off ; fleet as the wind his vigorous speed.
His ardent rider strains with answering force ;
Prone o'er his head suspended wings his course ;
Darts through the copse, and from the furrowed
ground
Throws the loose earth in blackening clouds around.
Still flies the stag ; the dogs pursue the trail ;
Trace his light steps, or snuff him in the gale :

Where, on the sands, appear his prints imprest,
Hope-fraught, awhile, their smoking nostrils rest.
He, all dismayed, curses his feet's slow pæce ;
Their treacherous odour ; their perfidious trace !
A fugitive ; pursued, prest by his foes,
The memory of his friends occurs ; 'mongst those
O'er whom he late had reigned, the forest's lord,
Asylum should be, ev'n low-bent, implored !
If chance, a peaceful herd he now espies,
Grazing the herb, the experiment he tries ;
Precipitates his flight their path to gain ;
To them entrusts his life ; 'midst them would fain
Hide his disgrace : alas ! that hope destroyed,
His unwished presence, shrinking all avoid.
All shun the dire contagion that must wait
Too close a contact with his hapless fate !
So shuns a flatterer his confiding prince,
When gathering clouds his downfall near, evince.
By these expelled, each gleam of comfort dies :
A wretched wanderer, forth again he hies ;
Swift traverses each well-known haunt, each glade ;
With anguish now beholds that far-spread shade,
Seene of past joys, to memory fondly dear ;
For love had blessed, glory oft crowned him there,
When, like a haughty sultan, he had dared
Each warlike rival ; or his love had shared
'Mongst the young objects of his varying choice ;
Woods, caverns, rocks, had echoed to his voice.

No longer those proud triumphs he shall boast !
Love, glory, empire, all to him are lost !

If now, at length, by danger undeterred,
Some youthful straggler from the dappled herd,
More nobly brave, more generously humane
Than his unfeeling brothers of the plain,
In kind compassion to his mighty woes,
'Twixt him and fate should kindly interpose ;
Strive to mislead the pack, confuse the scent ;
Alas ! in vain the charitable feint !
The veteran hounds, with sense too subtly true,
Their first devoted victim still pursue.

Now, shuddering at the horn's far-piercing sound,
He springs away ; his feet scarce touch the ground.
Or, more to deceive, he vaults o'er empty space,
That no continued prints his route may trace.
Now crouching low, far from the beaten road,
With throbbing heart he throws his eyes abroad.
Again alarmed, he starts, shoots down the steep ;
Winds, turns, confounds his course with cunning deep.
At times he stops, looks, listens : still more near,
The full-toned concert gains upon his ear ;
The hunters' shouts, the cry of deep-mouthed hounds,
The forest's shrill-tongued echo wide resounds.
Whilst every wile he tries distress can feign,
Wild terror rushes through each circling vein ;
To his dire fears each bush presents a foe ;
From each, death seems to aim the uplifted blow ;

Tired, hopeless, spent, he now in desperate mood,
Spurns the false earth, and plunges 'midst the flood.
His element he changes, not his fate;
That still pursues, with unrelenting hate :
The pack voracious, fierce, with sweat defiled,
Tones piercing sharp, eyes flashing fury wild,
Fly after ; through the waves too, cut their way ;
To claim their barbarous feast ! their destined prey.
Panting with thirst, the expanse that round them floats,
Seems scarcely to suffice their burning throats.
But instincts more imperious still, command ;
For blood they thirst ! blood they aloud demand.
Of friends, of hope bereft, one sole resource
Their victim sees ; to rage he has recourse !
Alas ! of shifts so impotently vain,
Why had mean fears insured the shame, the stain ?
Why, listening to his courage high, innate,
Had not great deeds ennobled his sad fate ?
Sick of base arts, in all his native might,
He rouses dreadful to the coming fight :
Advances dauntless 'midst his numerous foes,
His generous vengeance aims his deadliest blows,
Where valour copes with valour. On all sides,
Beset, assailed, the shock he firm abides.
The infuriate pack pour round, rage in their eyes ;
With ravenous jaws, and intermingled cries.
He combats still ; strikes, struggles to the last.
But fruitless this brave stand, those efforts vast.

Alas ! what now avail his graceful air,
His elegance of form, proportions fair ?
Light o'er the unbending grass his agile tread ?
Or what the beamy honours of his head ?
He reels, he drops ! whilst tears, in piteous chase,
(Which ev'n his murderers melt,) roll down his face !

FABLES,

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
DORAT.

FABLE THE FIRST.

THE DOVE AND THE SPARROW.

A DOVE who nursed her callow brood
In the recesses of a wood ;
A tender mother, faithful wife ;
Exemplar of domestic life ;
In fondling accents thus addrest
The clamorous inmates of her nest :
“ Peace, peace, ye flutterers ! cease your noise :
I must hear no complaining voice.

Why chirp thus loud, why beat your wings?
 Your sire your needful sustenance brings :
 He comes, borne rapid through the air,
 By love, and fond parental care.
 Pressed to this bosom, with delight,
 I soon shall see you all unite.
 For us, each toil he undertakes ;
 He braves all dangers for our sakes.
 Inclement blasts, and freezing skies,
 Through these fleet-winged he fearless flies ;
 Nor feels annoy on Nature's part :
 His strength springs from his ardent heart.

"Voracious birds of prey, far hence !
 He all would risk in our defence.
 He dreads you not: but, ah ! I dread
 Lest fate frown o'er his precious head !
 And, fowlers ! think my pangs you see !
 Devoid of pity though you be ;
 Avert your fatal tubes, nor pass
 His path, for should you meet !—alas !—
 I tremble !—Mercy's God ! since still,
 Your high behests doves prompt fulfil,
 Ah ! wherefore does misfortune threat
 Felicity so pure, so great ?"

Whilst thus her anxious fears she told,
 A Sparrow who that way had strolled,
 By chance o'erheard the plaintive words.
 'T was one of those high-fashioned birds,

Who follow courts, the great attend ;
In polished scenes their leisure spend ;
'Neath royal roofs domesticate ;
Their tastes at cost of nobles, sate ;
Study the ton ; hold all as fools
Who stray one atom from its rules ;
Loud, frivolous, and gay, yet dull :
Of proud self-consequence brim-full.

With stare impertinent and rude,
The modest matron first he viewed :
Then with baboon grimace approached,
And thus his trite no-meaning broached :

“To what use serves this world of charms,
Thus buried amongst rustic farms ?
Besides, how strange, how low a taste,
Your time in household cares to waste ;
In vulgar occupations spend
Your youth's fresh prime, so soon to end !
In what ennui your days must roll !
I can't help laughing—on my soul.”

“If this calm life your censure meets,
At least let me enjoy its sweets,”
Replied the Dove ; “nor seek to shine
On subjects you so ill define.
Those sacred duties you deride,
Form my amusement, bliss, and pride ;
Pure, genuine, lasting joys they give ;
Which cease but when we cease to live.

Yours are less permanent, I guess.
Can you love long ?"—“ Love long ? oh, yes.
While rapture lasts, the passion glows :
When that is past, love also goes.
Slightly cemented, we with ease
Break through those ties whene'er we please.
The lightning's flash our emblem true ;
As bright, almost as short-lived too.”

“ Haply some friends, then, you can boast ?”
“ Of friends, be sure, a numerous host.
We form societies, where all
Are friends,—whilst pride, or interest call.”

“ These seem to me but friends in name.
Your young ones ? they affection claim.”
“ We give them being : all beside,
Let time and destiny provide.”

“ Outcast of Nature ! as of love,”
Exclaims the shocked, indignant Dove :
“ How deep the abyss where vice has thrown
Your wretched being ; there to groan
Beneath disgust, and keen remorse,
Which each by turns must mark your course.
And should disgrace Pride's schemes defeat,
Who will partake of your retreat ?
Should chilling winds, or cloud, or storm,
Your present clear serene deform,
How like drear shadows will appear
Those pleasures false, now held so dear !

No friend's assistance to sustain
That heart insensible and vain :
That heart incapable of love !
No mate her fond regards to prove ;
To take you to her faithful breast,
That downy seat of balmy rest ;
No filial birds, with wanton play,
To cheer your age's last decay :
On some far rock, unseen, unknown,
In your lone nest allowed to groan ;
Far from felicity to live ;
Possessing nothing earth can give ;
And, even till death has sealed your eyes,
Abandoned by that world you prize."

Ye, who of morals make a jest,
Bring home the truths my lines attest.
Have you the courage firm to stand,
Alone beneath Misfortune's hand ?
Betrayed, abused, by Love's loose ties,
And not a friend to close your eyes.

FABLE THE SECOND.

THE INGOT AND THE IRON BAR.

A GOLDEN Ingot, wondrous great,
Possessed of beauty, power, and weight,
Felt all these titles to be proud;
Perhaps felt more than these allowed:
Too apt to look on all around
With hauteur, and contempt profound.
As near his greatness, on a day,
An humble Bar of Iron lay,
Sir Ingot straight began to swell,
And thus to vent his feelings: "Well!
Comparisons oft worth enhance;
But what outré caprice of chance
Could thus associate, side by side,
Me and this Bar? extremes so wide!
Mean, ugly, vulgar metal! thou,
When I am by, to earth shouldst bow.
Dost thou not feel thy distance? say.
I rule the globe with sovereign sway.
The glorious sun, in copious streams,
To form my mass, directs his beams:
Whilst man, all-conscious of my worth,
Embowels earth, to draw me forth.

"In ancient story, I appear
With eclat bright, as thou shalt hear.

Such knowledge is thy state above.
I served the cause of mighty Jove.
To save her from his bolt-armed power,
Danaë, secluded in a tower,
The Thunderer took my form to woo,
And at each crevice gliding through,
Whilst the bright golden shower thus flowed,
Jove gained his mistress ; she the God.

“ Ev’n sacred mysteries were my sport,
The Druids ’midst each oak-formed court,
To me did frequent sacrifice.
The priesthood, too, I could entice.
The far-famed oracles of old
Were, by my influence, bought and sold.
I dictated the God’s decrees ;
And thus ruled mortal minds with ease.

“ Destroyer ! what hast thou to boast
In opposition ? War’s fell host !
Death, rapine, carnage ! blood-stained hands !
To which thou arimest fierce hostile bands.”

“ I vaunt not my own worth,” replied
The modest Bar ; “ nor yours deride.
But ask the artizan, the sage,
In this all-scientific age,
What various purposes I serve :
I, of mechanics form the nerve.
’Tis true, man’s pride, ambition, vice,
Of white-robed Peace knew not the price :

And whilst her gentle reign they spurned,
Their ploughshares into swords they turned.
Yet, spite of this, of your vain pride,
Our cause let earth, let Heaven decide :
From which proceeds the greater ill ?
Whilst you corrupt, I only kill !”

FABLE THE THIRD.

THE GLOW-WORM.

ONE night, when sullen darkness gloomed,
Nor moon, nor stars, Heaven's vault illumed,
A Glow-worm, young, with pride elate,
Crawled forth in consequential state.
Vain of the feeble light he cast,
A light, he deemed, by none surpassed,
And fraught with arrogance extreme,
The egotist made self his theme :
“This globe from pole to pole,” he cries,
“Can nothing shew that me outvies.
I sovereign reign, admired by all,
And joys still new await my call.
How justly am I hailed the grace
And pride of all the insect race !
What other can with me compare ?
Not the coarse Ant, bowed down with care,

Nor bustling Bee, whose sordid views
Tend less to ornament than use.

“The stars that sometimes gild the night
Borrow my fires, than theirs more bright ;
And day’s vast orb that shines on high,
Is but the Glow-worm of the sky.”

Whilst thus the glimmering boaster spoke,
A Blackbird from a neighbouring oak,
Which late had echoed with his song,
Observing where he moved along,
Hopped down, to seize with eager haste
A cate so suited to his taste ;
And pecking where the light he saw,
Quickly ingulfed him in his craw.

Poor reptile ! hadst thou sparkled less,
Or ’mongst the verdure sought recess,
Nor by display strove to allure,
Thou mightst have crept through life secure.

Obscurity’s concealed repose,
Far from the throng, best answers those,
Whose dimly glittering powers of mind,
By ignorance inflated, find
Insidious notice ; to which they
Oft-times become the stupid prey.

THE END.

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